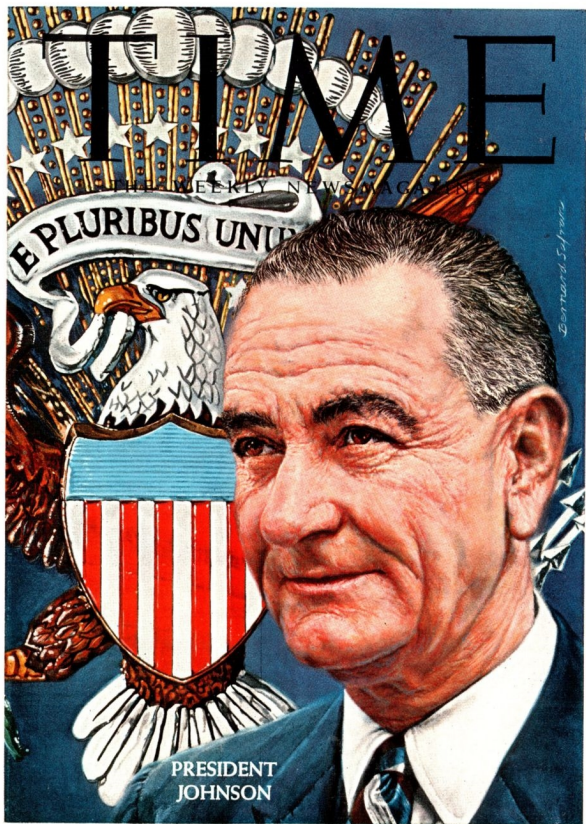


THIRTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 29, 1963



PRESIDENT
JOHNSON

VOL. 82 NO. 22

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Instant portable power... any time, any place

In this battery-sparked new world of portable convenience, hand tools are driven by their own rechargeable batteries . . . toys perform their tricks by remote control . . . a hearing aid with its button-size power cell can be slipped into the ear . . . cordless radios and television sets are lively companions in the home or outdoors . . . missiles and satellites are guided through the vastness of space. ▶ Developments like these have brought more than 350 types of EVEREADY batteries into use today, 73 years after Union Carbide produced the first commercial dry cell. Ever-longer service life with power to spare is opening the way for portable power sources, such as the new alkaline, nickel cadmium, and silver batteries, to serve hundreds of new uses. ▶ For the future, along with their research in batteries, the people of Union Carbide are working on new and unusual power systems, including fuel cells. And this is only one of the many fields in which they are meeting the growing needs of tomorrow's world.

A HAND IN THINGS TO COME

**UNION
CARBIDE**

Look for these other famous Union Carbide consumer products—

*Linde Stars, PRESTONE anti-freeze and car care products, "6-12" Insect Repellent, DYESEL textile fibers.
Union Carbide Corporation, 270 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. In Canada: Union Carbide Canada Limited, Toronto.*

"He was the man..."

(A THANKSGIVING DAY STORY)

It was the night before Thanksgiving, just a year ago. An elderly couple (the lady was in a wheelchair) were making a trip to spend the holiday with relatives.

At the last minute, because of some complications arising from weather, their trip had to be canceled. Or so they thought until Don Alexander, United's Passenger Representative, took over.

"He (Don Alexander) suggested that I leave it to him," the gentleman wrote us later. "After much phoning and checking he arranged for us to get passage on a 10 A.M. plane Thursday. He then called . . . and had my sister paged and notified that we would not arrive that night but instead the next morning.

"I was very pleased, but the problem of getting an invalid to the airport next day without help was difficult . . . Mr. Alexander said, 'There will be a man with a car at your house at 9 A.M. Thursday to assist you.'

"He was the man. In his own car he drove us to the airport . . . We had a most happy Thanksgiving . . ."

* * * *

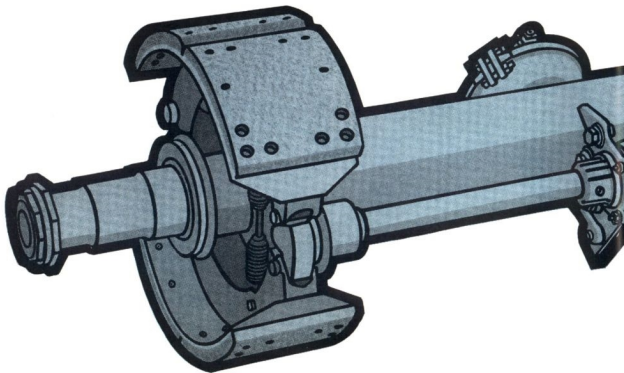


Nothing in United's regulations required Don Alexander to step forward and take on this unusual responsibility. There is, however, a company policy that guides us in the sort of people we hire, in their training, and our daily work. This policy says simply that an airline has great human responsibilities, and therefore a genuine concern for people must be part of every one of us, in everything we do.

We know we can't always perform perfectly under all conditions, of course. But we are thankful that we have so many people like Don Alexander who simply push difficulties aside and deliver, even beyond the line of duty, the extra care—for people—United stands for.

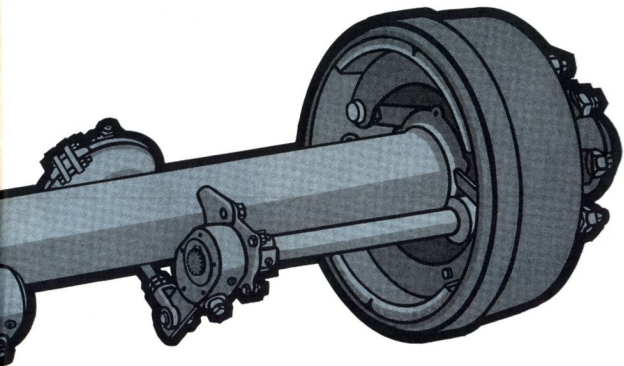

UNITED

THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE



... WE ALSO MAKE TORQUE CONVERTERS

Trailer axles and torque converters inconsistent? Could be at some places—but not at Rockwell-Standard. We're moving out, up, and all around. Like supplying more types of truck axles than anybody in the world. And the simplest, most efficient torque converter on the market. We specialize in a dozen major product lines. Specialization that's resulted in many "firsts" to improve performance and



economy in a wide range of diverse products. This diversification, with specialization, enables us to serve expertly many people in all kinds of industries, in practically every corner of the world. We would like to serve you. Write for our booklet "Dynamic . . . Diversified." Rockwell-Standard Corporation, Dept. 18, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.





I don't like you any more!

She wants a new bike. Tough request when your budget's tight. Yet, in order to provide the real necessities of life (like life insurance) you don't have to deny the necessities of childhood (like a brand new bicycle). With Occidental's new Income Protection policy you can take care of both. For \$10.90 a month, you can buy \$36,280 insurance at age 30—

enough to provide your family with \$200 a month income until 1983 should anything happen to you. Why is the cost so low? Two reasons. First, you pay for protection only, nothing toward savings or retirement values, although you can add those benefits later when

OCCIDENTAL LIFE
OF CALIFORNIA

you can better afford them. Second, the amount of protection decreases as your obligations decrease year by year. If cost is a consideration in your insurance program, why not ask us for details? Just pick up the phone and talk to an Occidental representative. Or write Occidental Center, Dept. T-7 Los Angeles 54, California. Then pick out that new bike.



Revolutionary new Anscochrome films!

Here are the truest color films ever developed!

- New Anscochrome 50 — medium speed.
- New Anscochrome 100, faster for action, or for less light.
- New Anscochrome T/100, faster film for artificial light.
- New Anscochrome 200 — the world's fastest color film.

All guaranteed to give pictures that satisfy or a new roll free. Try them!

 **Ansco** PHOTO PRODUCTS OF GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION
CREATIVE DEVELOPMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY



Four great masculine fragrances. One of them is brand new.

It's called Yardley Black Label After Shave. It does not smell like flowers. It does not smell like spice.

It does not smell like anything your wife would wear. (She'll love it. But she won't steal it.)

Black Label is a vigorous, pungent fragrance, designed for the modern man.

We've instilled it in an after shave that does the most

possible good for your skin. (Helps heal nicks, prevent infection. Keeps skin lubricated, moist, comfortable after shaving.)

If you'd like to try it, buy a bottle. (\$1 plus tax.) Use it for a couple of weeks. If you don't like it—send it back and we'll return your money.

We won't be mad. Just surprised. **Yardley**

**DO YOU HAVE THIS MAN'S
BUSINESS PROBLEM?**



*"Too many of our trucks
are going out with
less-than-full loads"*

**Solution: Call on-route customers
by Long Distance to get extra
orders and fatten shipments!**

Example: General Millwork Corp., Utica, N. Y.,
relies heavily on Long Distance to increase orders
and reduce delivery costs.

Once or twice a week, a day or two before a
truck goes into a given territory, the firm calls
every account in the area and asks for orders.

Customers appreciate the attention—often
have orders ready. Result: fuller trucks, extra
business, bigger profits.

Put this idea to work in *your* sales operation.
You'll find it pays off.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Talk things over, get things done . . . by Long Distance!

*When you vote for a white Christmas . . .
you can still be writing with your 1963 gift:
the Sheaffer LIFETIME® Pen*

May we tell you a brief Christmas story?

On Christmas Eve, 1963, a young lady gave her fiance a Sheaffer LIFETIME Pen.

Six months later the flexible 14K gold point still had its comfortable "give" as he signed their marriage license.

Twelve years later his wife borrowed this pen to write a "Jimmy-was-absent-because" note. The point's Turned-up Tip still waltzed across paper with its usual ease.

And in the 21st century when the family gathered to vote on a white Christmas,* this pen continued to be a handsome reminder of the good years they had spent together.

You see, this is much more than a story; it's our promise to you. The Sheaffer LIFETIME Pen is so nearly perfect, it's guaranteed for life.

© 1963, W.A.S.P. Co.



SHEAFFER'S

Ready to give in a night-blue gift box. This pen loads the modern way with a leakproof Skip cartridge. Prices start at \$12.50 at your pen dealer's. With matching pencil \$20.00. *Some day weather control will permit a community to "order" the kind of weather desired on the following day. A voting machine will transmit each family's choice to the Central Weather Control Bureau; majority vote wins!

June 20, 1930: Admiral Richard E. Byrd, "Mr. Antarctica," rides up Broadway with Grover Whalen. New England Life was in its 96th year.



Were you born in 1930?

You're at a good age to take advantage of New England Life's cash-value insurance. Here's proof.

It's always interesting to look back, isn't it? But the time comes when you have to look ahead. A time like now—when you suddenly find yourself well along into your thirties.

You can't be sure what will happen in the future. But you can face the years ahead with confidence when you give your family the protection of a New England Life cash-value policy. What's more, that same policy can give you thousands of dollars more than you put into it—even if your dividends are used to buy additional protection.

Say you get a \$15,000 policy now. Then assume you use your dividends to build up additional protection automatically through the years. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$14,330. But your premium payments total only \$10,404. This means that all the dollars you put in and \$3,926 more can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the policy's protection value has risen from \$15,000 to \$23,026.

Whatever year you were born, get full details on cash-value life insurance by New England Life from our representative in your area. Also, ask him about the exciting new developments announced November 1st. They make the New England Life contract even more valuable for both present and future policyholders to own.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES, PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGE.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Friday, November 29

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Conductor Leonard Bernstein opens this series' seventh year on television with a glowing tribute to teachers, his own and others'.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests are Barbra Streisand and Dody Goodman.

Saturday, November 30

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). An ex-boxer (Lou Antonio) finds his estranged wife with another man and accidentally kills him.

THE JERRY LEWIS SHOW (ABC, 9:30-11:30 p.m.). Tonight's guests are Singer Pearl Bailey and U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson.

Sunday, December 1

DISCOVERY (ABC, 12:30-1 p.m.). Leslie Caron conducts the remains of a two-part tour of London.

NBC NEWS ENCORE (NBC, 3-4 p.m.). David Brinkley hops from Andorra to San Marino, Monaco, Liechtenstein and Malta. Color.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest is West Germany's new Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. Color.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). First of a three-part telecast of Disney's 1960 movie *Pollyanna*, starring Hayley Mills. Color.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Sullivan turns over the show to the wonderful Obtravos Russian Puppets.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOWMAN (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). The fabulous career of Cecil B. DeMille, with excerpts from his most famous movies and appearances by some of his stars, including Betty Hutton, Gloria Swanson, James Stewart and Bob Hope. Color.

Monday, December 2

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A look at the lavish musicals of the 20s and 30s.

Tuesday, December 3

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests include Singers Maurice Chevalier and Jacqueline François and Pianist Philippe Entremont. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ is a wain retracing by Playwright Edward Albee of Carson McCullers' dark fable about the strange and obsessive attractions of love, with Colleen Dewhurst, Lou Antonio and Michael Dunn, a malapert actor-dwarf, locked in a luckless triangle of yearning and rejection.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. In a bizarre newlyweds' nook, Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford have only love to keep them warm—but Playwright Neil Simon stokes the evening with a fire of laughs.

JENNIE subjects Mary Martin to the terrors of waterfall and torture wheel, but these are comic larks compared to the

book and lyrics of this musical that glooms through the early days of Laurette Taylor.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE, two one-acters by Peter Shaffer, play *Getting to Know You*, first to the sketchy theme of boyish bunglings in a scrubby flat, second to the more artful airs of a detective shadowing a seemingly errant wife.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING, by Arnold Wesker, fights the class war between the Establishment and the proles in a peacetime R.A.F. training camp. The play takes the blight off its agitprop wash with its rollicking good humor.

THE REHEARSAL. Neither the 18th century costumes they wear for a play within this Amouli play nor their witty words can hide the motives of aristocrats intent on destroying a pure—and classless—love.

LUTHER, by John Osborne, seethes with the inner violence of a religious passion, but stutters rather than stirs when it comes to theological insights. As Luther, Albert Finney struggles tortuously and awesomely for his truth.

Off Broadway

CORRUPTION IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, by Ugo Betti, relentlessly builds to an unheard scream of conscience that resonates in the soul of an evil justice until he takes the first unsteady steps toward repentance.

THE ESTABLISHMENT. Nothing is sacrosanct to this sextet of decently urbane Britons except their right to boil big names and bigger isms in a cauldron of laughter.

CINEMA

KNIFE IN THE WATER. Aboard a sloop go two bristling males, one with a knife, one with a wife—and Director Roman Polanski runs a taut ship in this first-rate thriller from Poland.

THÉRÈSE. This adaptation of François Mauriac's 1927 novel about a woman who poisons her husband because he is so thoroughly provincial offers visual beauty, literate dialogue, and a truly stunning performance by Emmanuelle Béart, heroine of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*.

TOM JONES. Merely the best comedy in years. A lusty lad's progress through 18th century England is sometimes Hogarthian, always hilarious, and acted to the hilt by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith and supporting company under the masterful direction of Tony Richardson.

MURIEL. France's Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, *Last Year at Marienbad*) embarks on an original, ambitious but ultimately tiresome trip down memory lane, with *Marienbad*'s luminous Delphine Seyrig in brilliant form as an aging widow who yearns to recapture a long-lost love.

MARY, MARY. A soupçon of wisdom, a lot of wit are laced into Jean Kerr's zingy comedy about marriage-on-the-rocks. Debbie Reynolds and Barry Nelson star in the screen version of the play.

THE MUSIC ROOM. India's Satyajit Ray (the *Apu* trilogy) examines the affectingly human decline and fall of a proud, fat, foolish old Bengali aristocrat.

MY LIFE TO LIVE. A young wife turned prostitute seeks her strangely satisfying salvation in the pursuit of pleasure, a racy theme developed with unblemished artistry by French Director Jean-Luc Godard, maker of *Breathless*.

THE HOUSEHOLDER. In this gentle comedy from India, a pair of newlyweds find their period of adjustment rather difficult, especially when the young husband (Shashi Kapoor) gets the bright idea of sending home for Mother.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF DIEGO RIVERA, by Bertram Wolfe. The artist's life was like his murals: colorful, complicated and done on a grand scale. Though he was a loudly enthusiastic Communist for most of his life, his work was espoused by critics and capitalists rather than the masses, and Wolfe records every fierce conflict with both.

A SINGULAR MAN, by J. P. Donleavy. By capitalizing on his gift for fantasy and his necrophilic imagination, Donleavy (*The Ginger Man*) has written another wild and funny novel.

THE HAT ON THE BED, by John O'Hara. Twenty-four more masterful short stories by the most accomplished as well as the most prolific practitioner of the art.

DOROTHY AND RED, by Vincent Sheean. Novelist Sinclair Lewis and globe-trotting Dorothy Thompson made a glamorous couple, but their marriage was stormy, and it ended in a bitter divorce. Miss Thompson recorded every detail, from the giddy courtship to the last wrathful grape, and Sheean squares the famous family circle with some superfluous amateur analysis of his own.

A SENATE JOURNAL, by Allen Drury. As a U.P. reporter, Senate Watcher Drury (*Advise and Consent*) kept a meticulous journal of the Senate during the crucial war years 1943-45. The result is a very human account of legislators fighting each other, the war and the President.

THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, edited by Andrew Turnbull. Most of these letters were written in the late '30s, when socially militant literati considered Fitzgerald an anachronism left over from a bankrupt era. Though poor and puzzled, the author did some of his best writing then—some of it in this volume.

Best Sellers

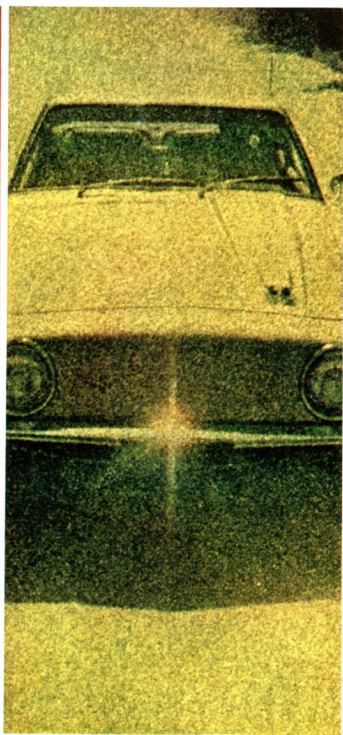
FICTION

1. *The Group*, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (2)
3. *The Living Reed*, Buck (9)
4. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Fleming (3)
5. *Caravans*, Michener (4)
6. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (7)
7. *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita*, Godden (5)
8. *The Three Sirens*, Wallace (8)
9. *Elizabeth Appleton*, O'Hara (10)
10. *City of Night*, Rechy (6)

NONFICTION

1. *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, Lasky (1)
2. *The American Way of Death*, Mitford (2)
3. *Rascal*, North (3)
4. *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, Ogilvy (4)
5. *My Darling Clementine*, Fishman (5)
6. *Mandate for Change*, Eisenhower (6)
7. *I Love Russia*, \$1,200, Hope (9)
8. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (6)
9. *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*, Lewis
10. *The Education of American Teachers*, Conant (8)

* All times E.S.T.



We not only make what moves the car . . . we help make the car.

That we propel cars exceedingly well is something that we—and our customers—take for granted by now. But we're in a lot of other fields as well, fields that contribute to our growth and fiscal strength. Take our Amoco Chemicals subsidiary. They have a chemical called isophthalic acid, which they supply for fiberglass plastics—the kind used in sports car bodies, for example. They're involved in many things, from missile propellants to seat covers for cars.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

Major Subsidiaries: American Oil / Pan American Petroleum / American International Oil / Amoco Chemicals / Indiana Oil Purchasing / Service Pipe Line / Tulsima Gas Products



For the fifth straight season, Delta offers more Jets to Florida from Chicago, Detroit and Cincinnati than any other airline. And service is always in the Delta tradition... personal, quick and exceedingly thoughtful.

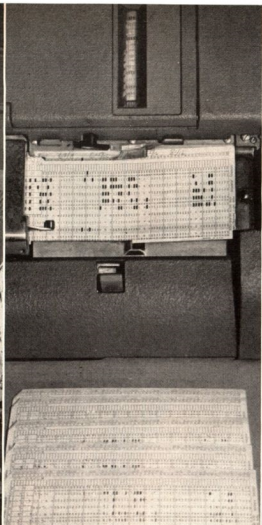


For reservations see your Travel Agent
or call the nearest Delta ticket office

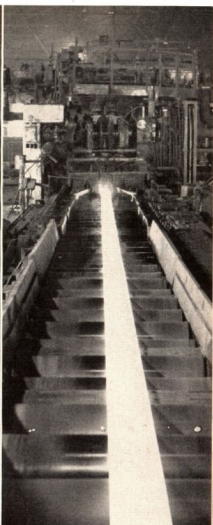
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the air line with the **BIG JETS**



New oxygen furnace at Riverdale cooks your carbon steel in only 20 minutes.



Programmed roughing mill is controlled by your own personalized punch card.



New hot mill runs through a half mile of strip non-stop. Coils are weld-free.

We control each step to achieve monotony

Every foot of flat rolled steel you order from Acme Steel comes out precisely the same. Same metallurgically. Same in gauge. Same in width. □ We maintain monotonous excellence because we make the steel ourselves. We are not just a rolling mill. We are the nation's most flexible producer of steel. We formulate, melt, mold and roll it right on the spot. What's more, our facilities are such that we can produce and deliver your order from days to weeks faster than most other mills. □ Bear in mind: You don't have to sacrifice uniform quality for quick service. If you have a quirk about consistent quality, give us a call. You'll be pleased at what you can get, and how fast you can get it.

the nation's most flexible producer of steel



ACME STEEL COMPANY
Riverdale, Illinois • Newport, Kentucky



He knows what service means—

Last night's storm struck suddenly. Damage was severe. Now—in homes, stores, offices, schools—the urgent need is for glass.

This man is prepared to work far into the night to fill that need. He's an independent distributor of quality flat glass for building, glazing and replacement. As a long-established local businessman, he knows that during emergencies the only real measure of service is the need of his community.

His concern with service is important to ASG. It's one good reason why we distribute our full line of plate, sheet and patterned glass through hundreds of such businessmen all across the nation.

Whenever you plan to use glass for building, for replacing, for decorating—for any purpose—see your service-minded independent flat glass distributor. He's listed in the Yellow Pages, under "Glass."

© 1983 ASG



For more information about ASG's complete line of flat glass products, write: Dept. G-1119, American Saint Gobain Corp., Box 929, Kingsport, Tennessee, 37662.

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HANDCRAFTED QUALITY MAKES ZENITH

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING TV -

AND YOUR BEST **COLOR TV** BUY!

ZENITH'S HANDCRAFTED COLOR CHASSIS gives you greater operating dependability and fewer service problems year after year. There are no printed circuits, no production shortcuts. Zenith's specially designed color circuitry is hand wired with the same extra care that makes Zenith America's largest selling black and white TV.



ZENITH'S PATENTED COLOR DEMODULATOR—the "Electronic Brain" of Color TV—brings you beautifully clear, true-to-life colors. And, during black and white telecasts, Zenith's Automatic Color Cut-Off locks out all color to give you crystal-clear black and white reception.



ZENITH'S NEW SUPER GOLD VIDEO GUARD TUNER gives you longer TV life and greater picture stability—plus ultra-sensitive, drift-free picture reception—even in weak signal and fringe areas. Its 113 16-carat gold-filled contact points will not oxidize or wear out for the lifetime of the set. *UHF Reception*—available in every Zenith Color TV (optional at extra cost).



ZENITH'S EXCLUSIVE SPACE COMMAND® REMOTE CONTROL—lets you tune from across the room—no wires, no batteries.

The big difference in Color TV is the handcrafted quality that makes Zenith America's largest selling TV. See your Zenith Dealer!

ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.





CHEVROLET FLEETSIDE—best for all-around use. Full-width body has double-wall construction.



CORVAIR 95 RAMPSIDE—only pickup with side-loading ramp. Aluminum air-cooled engine is in rear.



CHEVROLET STEPSIDE—for those who prefer flat interior body walls and convenient side step.



NEW EL CAMINO—world's best looking pickup. For anybody to whom style is as important as utility.



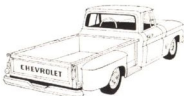
CHEVROLET

WHICH TYPE PICKUP DO YOU NEED?

Chevrolet now makes four different types, each with its own distinct advantages. Whichever one you buy, it's going to prove out a lot more truck than your money bought last time!

THE FLEETSIDE

Based on sales, this is the best liked pickup in the world. The outstanding feature of this model is its large body that extends clear out over the wheels. You can buy the Fleetside with either a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ - or 8-foot body and either 115-inch or 127-inch wheelbase. It is usually voted the best riding truck because it has coil springs at all four



on a 133-inch wheelbase. This big model has a heavier frame, four-speed transmission, and leaf-spring rear suspension for maximum payloads. It has the same standard engine and options as the Fleetside model. Chevrolet Stepside—easy to load, more sizes.



THE RAMPSIDE

Nobody else makes a pickup exactly like this one. It's the only pickup with a ramp at the side. Elephants have trod the ramp without breaking it. It is 4 feet wide and so is the piano hinge that holds it to the body. Two spring-loaded latches keep the ramp tight when it's up. The ramp makes loading easy because it's only a 16-inch rise. Also there is a conventional tailgate at the rear. The body and frame-floor assembly are

very rigid because they are welded together. A 95-hp aluminum air-cooled engine in the rear never needs water or antifreeze. A 110-hp engine is available at extra cost. It's a fine riding truck because it has independent coil spring suspension front and rear. Corvair 95 Rampside—easiest to load and unload.

EL CAMINO

El Camino explains itself when you look at it. We wanted to offer people a vehicle that could not only work hard but look like a million dollars doing it. The result, we believe, is the best looking pickup in the world . . . the only one with that mark of distinction



—Body by Fisher. You can order it as plain or as fancy as you like: bucket seats, air conditioning, 4-speed transmission, 220-hp V8 engine are some of the extra-cost options.

El Camino—the 1964 knock-out! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

THE STEPSIDE

If you'd rather have flat interior body walls and convenient side steps between the cab and the rear fenders, you should ask to see the Chevrolet Stepside. It comes in the same two sizes as the Fleetside, plus one bigger size—a 9-foot body



QUALITY TRUCKS COST LESS!

Telephone your Chevrolet dealer about any type of truck!

LETTERS

J.F.K.

SIR: WE ARE STUNNED INTO PARALYSIS. WE CRY OUR OUTRAGE NOT FOR REVENGE, BUT FOR THE MASSIVE LOSS OF THIS MAN, THE PRESIDENT, HE MADE ENORMOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO EVERY HUMAN BEING IN THE WORLD. HE WAS A SINGULAR LEADER OF OUR LIFETIME.

L. R. NICHOLL

CLAREMONT, CALIF.

Woman's Place

SIR: What a sad commentary on our American culture your report on women is [Nov. 22]! It's no wonder that we educators see so many unhappy, anxious, insecure children in our schools. Their mothers are outside of their homes involved in "the search for something more challenging." If these women had any spiritual values, they would thank God that they are blessed with husbands and children and devote their talents and energies to fulfilling their roles willingly, lovingly and efficiently.

As a successful professional single woman, I find it awfully difficult to understand why a mother of six children has to leave her home for a job that is exciting and rewarding. Those American women cannot see the forest for the trees.

EDNA MAURIELLO

Assistant Professor Education

State College
Salem, Mass.

SIR: Many worthwhile groups that provide activities for children and youth, the handicapped, ill and aged are very short-handed because so many able women have gone to work. The benefits derived from such organizations are desired by these same women and their families, but when asked if they will help in leadership, they are too tired, or too short of time. Is this fair?

These positions of leadership are among the most challenging offered in our society and give a genuine sense of accomplishment, indeed. What bigger problem do we have before us today than guiding (or saving) our youth at all levels economically and socially? These jobs, when done well, demand intelligence, education and creativity. They have the advantage of being part time, requiring little extra in matters of wardrobe and lunch money, and provide the best kind of fellowship with others of all ages.

I and many other women are tired of the "trapped-housewife" theme.

(MRS.) MARGARET A. FUAD

Visalia, Calif.

The Rights of the Majority

SIR: Your article about the Lovett School in Atlanta [Nov. 15] disregarded a very vital right. While affiliated with the Episcopal Church, it is not a church-supported school. Those who are currently supporting this school have every right to determine the race of the boys attending it.

I am not speaking of segregation in public schools; they are supported by all, including those who support the Lovett School. Segregation on a racial basis is stupid—there are good and bad elements in all races. This is not a question of the merits of segregation; it is a question of the rights of citizens to educate their children in a segregated school if they wish to pay the added expense involved.

I have been an Episcopalian since birth. Several of the parishes I have attended have had Negro communicants. In independent public school and in college, my children have had Negro classmates with my full approval.

The Negro has been denied many of his rights—this should not be tolerated. At the same time we should not tolerate the effort of the Negro to deny the right of others to refuse to associate with him on an educational or social basis if they do not care to do so. Majorities have rights too.

S. G. WILLIAMSON JR.

Providence

SIR: As a Negro Episcopalian, I am glad that the Lovett situation in Atlanta (about which I had some prior knowledge) has been brought to the attention of the nation. It is high time the hierarchy, which governs our respective dioceses, gets off the fence once and for all!

Perhaps the Bishop of Atlanta should remember the words of Our Lord—"Inasmuch as ye have done it to these the least of my brethren, ye have done it to me."

BERTHA L. HONTER

Philadelphia

A Word for the Average

SIR: New York City Superintendent Calvin Gross [Nov. 15] appears to be a laser beam cutting into the Stygian morass called American education. If this is really true, I may be coaxed into returning to the classroom firing line as a teacher.

SEYMOUR S. ROVNER

Tarzana, Calif.

SIR: I have often thought that the "average" student in the New York City public school system was the neglected student.

After reading your article on education, I feel even more positive that the attention is focused completely on the "bright" student, the "dull" student, and the student who is a problem because of discipline.

I thank God I was able to transfer my average son from a public high school to a fine private school in New York City. The encouragement and attention given there has made him anxious and able to attend a fine college.

MARY MCHUGH

New York City

SIR: Do our educators want the end product of their effort to be a scholar or a person? Let the powers that run our schools ponder the following:

A group of vocational teachers undertook a survey to determine why employees were discharged. The teachers contacted several thousand companies, and they expected a long list of reasons. They were amazed to learn that more than two-thirds of the persons losing their jobs had been fired for ONE reason: they couldn't get along with people.

IRVING PERLIN

Human Relations Counsel

New York City

Persecuted Donkeys

SIR: When I read the story of Pelé, the "criminal" donkey [Nov. 15], I was reminded of a similar story of a persecuted donkey by the German author Christoph Martin Wieland. In *Geschichte der Abderiten*, he intended to point out absurdities of small-town government and life. A Grecian dentist named Struthion and a donkey driver nearly came to blows over whether or not Struthion might stand in the shadow of his rented donkey since he had not rented the shadow as well. Struthion felt that the donkey came with the shadow.

The two took their quarrel to the city-state of Abdera, which soon divided itself on the question until civil war seemed imminent. The problem was solved when the people set upon what they considered to be the real troublemaker—the donkey—and consequently tore him into a thousand pieces.

Who would have thought such an exaggerated story would have a real-life parallel?

CECILIE SMITH

Morgantown, W. Va.

Hands Across the Sea

SIR: This is in reference to your article [Nov. 8] on the restoration of a severed human hand by Red Chinese surgeons in Shanghai.

The early Shanghai group was headed by Professor P. C. Tung, Chief of Surgery of Shanghai Medical College. He was trained in St. Louis by the great master Dr. James Barrett Brown.

Later, many Americans taught there. To these, their teaching and influence, I believe credit should be given.

MILTON LU, M.D.

Lancaster, Pa.

Sharing the Honors

SIR: In the Art section [Nov. 15] you have an excellent presentation of some of the new buildings at Yale. The color photographs and layouts are very beautiful. However, credit for the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library should be given to the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. It was merely the partner responsible for the design, and my partner, David Hughes, was in charge of the ad-

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ministration of them. In addition, there were various other people in our office whose efforts made this building possible.

GORDON BUNSHAFT
Partner

Skidmore, Owings & Merrill
New York City

Breaking The Silence

Sir: As a Swede, I am proud that Swedish craftsmanship stands for solid quality.

But American eyes are quick to turn from our stainless steel to some of our spineless, sordid screen productions. I sincerely hope that America will refuse to have filth poured over their country in the name of art.

As *TIME* pointed out [Nov. 15], there has been a strong reaction in Sweden against the perversion and dirt of Ingmar Bergman's film *The Silence*.

Movies and TV could help to restore national character in Sweden and America, along with definite standards of right and wrong. In those fields I believe Sweden can and will contribute daringly and decisively with productions that will last long after *The Silence* has been buried in silence.

(MRS.) BROR A. W. JONZON

Vancouver, Canada

Inspiration

Sir: One evening in August 1955, I was reading the *TIME* cover story on Frank Sinatra, in which he was reported as saying: "If it hadn't been for my interest in music, I'd probably have ended in a life of crime." I stopped short on that sentence, remembering another *TIME* story, shortly before, that reported a murderer shot down in Chicago in a gun battle with the police who said: "I always been fond of music. Maybe if I'd been any good at it, I'd have done it that way instead." By about 3 a.m. the next morning, I'd written a short story about an encounter between a pop singer and a criminal on the run, which later emerged as a very successful television play called "The Man from Brooklyn."

A few years later, I read in *TIME* Magazine a haunting story about refugees in Europe, under the heading "Bitter Sanctuary." At once, an idea for a stage play which had been vaguely in my mind came into sharp focus, and I sat down at once and drafted it. That play is now to have its first production next month at the Salisbury Playhouse. The title? Naturally, *Bitter Sanctuary*.

I wonder how many other writers find inspiration—not really too strong a word—in *TIME*'s detailed and sympathetic reporting of human events? Anyway, this is my grateful acknowledgment.

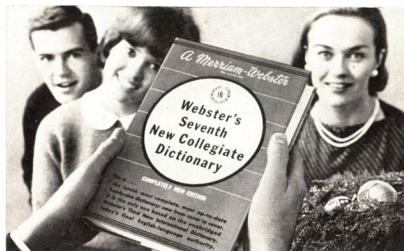
ROSEMARY ANNE SISSON

London

La Vie de la Soirée

Sir: Your fine cover story on Nicole Arild [Nov. 22] portrays a remarkable woman and a remarkable way of life, but it omitted a large facet of that life. Nicole Arild has been directly responsible for several hundred thousands of dollars pouring into Washington charities' needy coffers. She has organized benefit balls, attended and sponsored countless luncheons and fashion shows, donated "specialties" from her chef and French products to bazaars, opened the embassy to paid tours (benefiting the Salvation Army and Good Will Industries). In addition, indirectly she and the ambassador are responsible for even more thousands of dollars by adding their glamour and prestige to many other charity affairs that

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JANE E. WHEELER

Washington, D.C.

Sir: If Madame Nicole Alphand is important enough to have her picture on the front cover of your magazine, and if your story about her and the other goings on in Washington is even partly true, heaven help this country! We have surely entered our decadent period, and we're in real trouble!

LEONARD MARIN

Homewood, Ill.

Sir: It occurs to me that so much chic and taste is absolutely vulgar. Judging from the TIME photos, Mme. Alphand appears to have reached the peak of human automation. Do the American officials in Washington all really fall for such Continental decadence and tinsel? It makes me feel I should come to the defense of my country. And a husband who kisses you on both cheeks if you're in and shakes your hand if you're out: really!

Give me the African yearly jammed session any day.

ANNE FESSENDEN
Lecturer in French

University of New Mexico
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Sex, Soap & Brains

Sir: Without a doubt the least excited readers of the goings-on in the "Harvard Sex Scandal" [Nov. 8] that the various tabloids have been immortalizing lately are to be found at Harvard itself. We could have put the gentlemen of the press well at ease and saved them their vain searches these last few weekends through the cellars of Cambridge for further evidence of the promiscuity that they hoped was to be found. To those of us who do not always have the time or inclination to go elsewhere for our bacchanalian weekends, the only alternative might be thought to be Radcliffe, but this, in fact, means complete abstinence, for there is little to recommend such an idea. In Radcliffe we have a seminary in which the prime virtue seems to be the displaying of the most acute sartorial inelegance that it is possible to imagine, an inelegance that has as its cardinal philosophy the belief that at all times brains and soap are mutually exclusive.

However dismal these facts may be for Harvard men, they nevertheless bear eloquent evidence to the world at large of the biological impossibility of any real sex scandals in these parts, even if we are to pursue the principle of *chacun à son goût* to the limits of absurdity.

E. K. FARIDANY

Graduate School of Arts & Sciences
Harvard University

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(On display at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England)



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TIME

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

MORE than most men in public life, President Kennedy had an affinity for the press that was widely reciprocated. As a Congressman and as Senator (which he was when he first appeared on TIME's cover back in 1957), he liked the company of journalists, and found many of his friends among them. When he entered the White House, the relationship became more formal, discreet and professional, as it had to. But it continued. As a superb politician, John Kennedy understood the value of sympathetic press coverage, as a President he wanted to influence opinion, but most of all he seemed to find stimulation in the afterhours give-and-take of candid, informed, sharp shoptalk of events and people. Reporters and editors, a little awed as all men are by the White House setting, were encouraged by the President to talk freely, and so did he.

The President had a special feeling about TIME. In the study of his penthouse suite in the Hotel Carlyle, an alert New York Times reporter recently noted a white White House phone, a box of Havana cigars and that week's issue of TIME. In Washington, the President got his copy early, and sometimes within an hour was on the phone to our White House correspondent with comments—wry, appreciative or angry—on what had been written about him. He said on several occasions that he regarded TIME as the most important magazine in America, for it reached the kind of people in both parties that he most wanted to influence. And when surprised, in talking to leaders abroad, by their close knowledge of some domestic U.S. event, he said that he had asked where they had learned about it, and was invariably told, "In TIME."



1957 PAINTING BY HENRY KOERNER

On the occasion of TIME's 40th anniversary last spring, he delegated Vice President Johnson to represent him, and sent a telegram to be read at the dinner, saluting TIME as a "great magazine," and adding a few characteristically phrased remarks:

"Like most Americans, I do not always agree with TIME, but I nearly always read it. And, though I am bound to think that TIME sometimes seems to do its best to contract the political horizons of its audience, I am especially glad that it has worked so steadfastly to enlarge their intellectual and cultural horizons. This has contributed materially, I think, to the raising of standards in our nation in recent years."

"I hope I am not wrong in occasionally detecting these days in TIME those more mature qualities appropriate to an institution entering its forties—a certain mellowing of tone, a greater tolerance of human frailty and, most astonishing of all, an occasional hint of fallibility."

It might be taken as evidence of frailty or fallibility, but TIME and its staff greatly valued the relationships—both professional and personal—with its No. 1 subscriber.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 29, 1963 Vol. 82 No. 22

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

"The Government Still Lives"

Over Nob Hill and the Harvard Yard, across Washington's broad avenues and Pittsburgh's thrusting chimneys, in a thousand towns and villages the bells began to toll. In Caracas, Venezuela, a lone Marine sergeant strode across the lawn of the U.S. embassy while a soft rain fell, saluted the flag, then lowered it to half-mast. At U.S. bases from Korea to Germany, artillery pieces boomed out every half hour from dawn to dusk in a stately, protracted tattoo of grief.

It was the kind of feeling that words could hardly frame. At Boston's Symphony Hall, Conductor Erich Leinsdorf laid down his baton, raised it again for the funeral march from the *Eroica*. On a Washington street corner, a blind Negro woman plucked at the strings of her guitar, half-singing, half-weeping a dirge: "He promised never to leave me . . ." And, on Commerce Street in Dallas, in an incident little noted at the time but to assume later significance, Jack Ruby silently closed down his strip-tease joint, the Carousel.

In *Torments*, Later the words came, torrents of them. But only two were really needed. A Greek-born barber said them in his Times Square shop: "I cry." A woman said them in another way on London's Strand: "My God!" Jacqueline Kennedy said them as her husband pitched forward, dying: "Oh no!" A Roman Catholic priest said them with irrevocable finality outside the Dallas hospital where he had just administered the last rites to John Fitzgerald Kennedy: "He's dead."

When it happened, Teddy Kennedy was sitting in the presiding officer's chair of the Senate, and Bobby was lunching at his Hickory Hill home. At the news of his brother's death, the Attorney General stalked outside without a word and, accompanied only by his jet-black, 150-lb. Newfoundland, Brumby, walked head down, hands in pockets, for an hour.

In Hyannis Port, the President's mother had just returned from the coun-

try club golf course when Niece Ann Gargan rushed to her with the news. Back at the Kennedy house, Rose decided not to waken her napping husband, instead summoned Boston Physician Russell Boles Jr. to see if Old Joe, who is 75, could endure the shock of the news. Dr. Boles said he could, and Teddy, who had flown up earlier, told his father the next morning. Said Boles afterward, "He took it with char-

acteristic courage." The night of the assassination, Caroline and John Jr. were told that their father was dead.

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acteristic courage." The night of the assassination, Caroline and John Jr. were told that their father was dead. So it does. In such circumstances the change of power is cruel but necessary. Ninety-eight minutes after Kennedy was pronounced dead, Lyndon Baines Johnson, 55, was sworn in as 36th President of the United States. And even as the presidential jet, Air Force One, winged over the sere plains of Texas and the jagged peaks of the Ozarks, over the Mississippi and the Alleghenies, bearing not only the new President but the body of the one just past, the machinery of government was still working.

In the West Wing of the White House, Presidential Aide McGeorge Bundy began drafting briefing papers for the new President. Hurrying to the capital after a flight from Hawaii, Secretary of State Dean Rusk paused just long enough to say, "We have much unfinished business." In his office, House Speaker John W. McCormack conferred with Democratic leaders. For a time rumors had whipped wildly through the city that Lyndon Johnson had also been shot, that he had suffered a heart attack, that he was dying. That would have made McCormack, a 71-year-old Massachusetts Irishman who never set his sights higher than the House, the new President. And until the 1964 election, McCormack remains first in the line of succession, with 86-year-old Arizona Democrat Carl Hayden, president pro tempore of the Senate, right behind him.

A Sense of Continuity. At Andrews Air Force Base, television cameras captured the sense of change, and the sense of continuity, that are part of the nation's strength. First, the bronze casket bearing John F. Kennedy's body was



THE CASKET IN THE WHITE HOUSE
"He promised never to leave me."

acteristic courage." The night of the assassination, Caroline and John Jr. were told that their father was dead.

A Cedar Felled. In the U.S. Senate, Chaplain Frederick Brown Harris mounted the rostrum and placed a single sheet of scrawled notes before him. "We gaze at a vacant place against the sky," he said, "as the President of the Republic goes down like a giant cedar." Then he recalled the words that Ohio Representative James A. Garfield spoke on the morning that Abraham Lincoln died in 1865. "Fellow citizens," said Garfield, who was to die by assassina-

* After that, under the 1947 Presidential Succession Act, come the Cabinet members in order of rank: the Secretaries of State, Treasury and Defense, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, and the Secretaries of the Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor. The Health, Education and Welfare Department was only created in 1953, has not yet been written into the law.

placed aboard a U.S. Navy ambulance. Then, as it drove out of range, the cameras panned to the ramp of Air Force One as the new President stepped into view for his first public statement. As he did so, the U.S. and the world could reasonably, and indeed necessarily, look to the future.

Johnson seems sure to retain, at least for a while, most of the men around Kennedy. Eventually Bobby Kennedy may resign as Attorney General; he and his brother were blood-close, and Bobby's heart can hardly stay in the job. But Johnson is close to both Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, will probably lean on both for some time. Kennedy's White House staff, an even more personal instrument than the Cabinet, will probably break up after a decent interval, but Johnson needs it

before the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City, but Johnson will have the prestige and power of the White House working for him if he wants the nomination—and few doubt that he does. As a moderately conservative Southerner, his chief worry is the party's Northern liberal wing.

The G.O.P. is even more wide open and more hopeful about '64. With Kennedy in the White House, Republican politicians were willing to think about gambling with Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater as a dramatic alternative. But now 1964 is anybody's race, and the G.O.P. may well enlist a middle-of-the-roader to challenge Johnson—Nelson Rockefeller, Richard Nixon, even Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton or Michigan's Governor George Romney. Those who had been shunning the

thew's Cathedral. France's De Gaulle would be there, along with Britain's Prince Philip and Prime Minister Douglas-Home, Greece's Queen Frederika, Japan's Crown Prince Akihito, Belgium's King Baudouin, Russia's Deputy Premier Mikoyan, Ireland's President De Valera, Canada's Prime Minister Pearson, Germany's Chancellor Erhard, the Philippines' President Macapagal, and many more.

Then, at the family's request, John Kennedy would be buried amid the wooded hills of Arlington National Cemetery across the Potomac. It would be on his son's third birthday.

The Last Week

President Kennedy spent his last days in pursuit of re-election.

In his campaign for a second term, he planned to waste little time or energy on the U.S. South, which his strategists thought might already be beyond his reach because of the civil rights issue. But there were two Southern states, the region's most populous, that Kennedy had no intention of writing off. They were Florida, with its 14 electoral votes, and Texas, with 25, and it was to these that he went on his final journeys.

During one ten-hour stretch in Florida, the President inspected the new Army-Air Force Strike Command headquarters, made three speeches in Tampa, flew to Miami for another. A sparse, unenthusiastic crowd appeared on the 7½-mile route of his motorcade into Tampa, and his receptions were cool.

Only at a Tampa meeting attended by 4,000 members of the Florida State Chamber of Commerce did the President give one of his better performances, gently but effectively chiding businessmen for opposing his fiscal and economic policies.

True Story. He began by telling a story about how Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, flying to Miami with a leading Florida businessman a year or so ago, spent most of his time explaining how the man's company would benefit if the Administration's investment-credit tax bill were passed. When the plane landed, the man said to Dillon: "I am very grateful to you for explaining the bill. Now tell me just once more why it is I am against it."

"That story," President Kennedy said, "is unfortunately not an exaggeration. Many businessmen who are prospering as never before during this Administration are convinced, nevertheless, that we must be anti-business."

"We have liberalized depreciation guidelines to grant more individual flexibility, reduced our farm surpluses, reduced transportation taxes, established a private corporation to manage our satellite communication system, increased the role of American business in the development of less developed countries, and proposed to the Congress a sharp reduction in corporate as well as personal income taxes, and a major deregulation of transportation, and yet many businessmen are convinced that



JACKIE & JACK IN SAN ANTONIO
A last, deep breath of popularity.

at least until he can assemble one of his own.

In domestic and foreign policy some changes of emphasis can be expected, but Johnson is not about to disown his predecessor's program. He will fight harder for space appropriations, perhaps less hard for a tax cut. He is solidly behind the Administration's civil rights bill, Medicare and job retraining programs. A superior congressional strategist, he may have more success in getting them through than did Kennedy. He has supported the nuclear test ban treaty and the wheat deal with Russia, and he said in Manhattan only last month, "It is possible to lower world tensions without lowering our guard." He is committed to NATO and the multilateral nuclear force, but as the newest head of state among the allied Big Four and the third to take the helm in the last month, he may be in for some rough times with the senior partner, France's Charles de Gaulle.

A Time for Mourning. Politically, Kennedy's death turned both parties topsy-turvy. Only nine months remain

before the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City, but Johnson will have the prestige and power of the White House working for him if he wants the nomination—and few doubt that he does. As a moderately conservative Southerner, his chief worry is the party's Northern liberal wing.

The night of the assassination, Lyndon Johnson stepped uncertainly into the Oval Office of the President, then went to the three-room suite in the nearby Executive Office Building that he had used as Vice President. Across the street, he could see the lights beginning to go out in the White House.

Just before dawn, an ambulance drew up to the White House portico, and U.S. servicemen carried Kennedy's casket into the East Room. On a black-shrouded catafalque, John F. Kennedy lay in state. His sleepless wife viewed him for the last time, and then the bier was sealed.

A Last Trip Home. This week Cardinal Cushing would celebrate the Requiem Mass in Washington's St. Mat-

a Democratic Administration is out to soak the rich."

When Kennedy concluded, his audience heartily applauded, and the President was plainly pleased. Yet that night, after a disappointing reception in Miami, he might well have been discouraged by his Florida trip, read a humdrum speech about Latin American policy in listless fashion.

Warm Crowds. Returning to Washington, Kennedy reviewed plans for a January fund-raising banquet on the third anniversary of his inauguration, joined Jackie in greeting 700 guests at the annual White House reception for the Justices of the Supreme Court. It was Jackie's first appearance as hostess at an official White House function since the death last August of her infant son.

And then, next day, John and Jacqueline Kennedy left for Texas.

This was more like it. Wherever they went—in San Antonio, Houston and Fort Worth—the crowds were large, warm, and plainly in love with Jackie. Kennedy had been warned that Texas was enemy territory; indeed, Adlai Stevenson, who had been roughed up by a Texas crowd only last month, advised Kennedy Aide Arthur Schlesinger Jr. that some Dallasites had voiced concern over the President's safety. Now, with such fears apparently unrealized, President Kennedy was exuberant.

On the morning of his last day of life, he arose early, left his Fort Worth hotel, walked with buoyant stride through a slight mist to a nearby parking lot, where several thousand Texans were waiting behind barricades to see him. Explaining why Jackie had not accompanied him, the President laughed. "Mrs. Kennedy," he said, "is busy organizing herself. It takes a little longer, you know, but then she looks so much better than we do." And indeed she looked lovely when, wearing a pink wool suit and pillbox hat, she joined her husband at a breakfast sponsored by the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce.

Next on the President's schedule was Dallas, and during the flight there he put the finishing touches on a speech he meant to deliver at noon. Its concluding words: "We in this country, in this generation, are—by destiny rather than choice—the watchmen on the walls of world freedom. We ask therefore that we may be worthy of our power and responsibility—that we may exercise our strength with wisdom and restraint—and that we may achieve in our time and for all time the ancient vision of 'peace on earth, good will toward men.' That must always be our goal—and the righteousness of our cause must always underlie our strength. Or, as was written long ago: 'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.'"

The Last Ride. At the Dallas airport, nearly 5,000 people were waiting. The President, in a dark blue suit, stepped from his plane smiling happily. He and Jackie were met by a committee that gave her a bouquet of red roses. Their

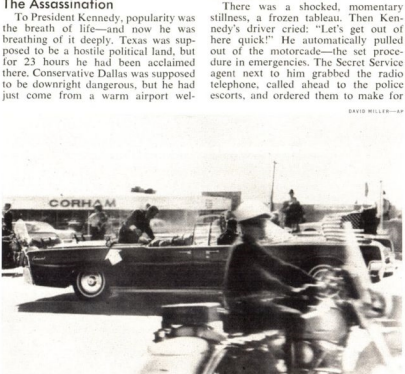
car was ready to leave, but Kennedy had to shake hands with some voters. Jackie, her roses cradled in her left arm, also touched the outstretched hands. After a few minutes she started to walk away, but, noticing that her husband was still at it, smiled fondly, said "There he goes," and returned.

Finally, at 11:50 a.m. C.S.T., they entered the presidential limousine and began to drive into Dallas.

The Assassination

To President Kennedy, popularity was the breath of life—and now he was breathing of it deeply. Texas was supposed to be a hostile political land, but for 23 hours he had been acclaimed there. Conservative Dallas was supposed to be downright dangerous, but he had just come from a warm airport wel-

come and along much of his motorcade route in the downtown district he had basked in waves of applause from crowds lined ten and twelve deep. What was about to happen must have been the farthest thing from his mind.



A MOMENT AFTER THE PRESIDENT WAS FELLED*

"Jack! Jack! Oh no! No!"

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Next to him sat Jackie. In front of them, on jump seats of the President's Lincoln, its bubbletop off, were Texas' Democratic Governor John Connally, 46, and his wife Nellie. As the President's car approached an underpass near the intersection of Elm, Main and Commerce Streets, Nellie Connally turned to Kennedy, said laughingly: "You can't say that Dallas isn't friendly to you today." The President started to reply . . .

That reply was stilled by a shot. It was 12:30 p.m. C.S.T., and in a split second a thousand things happened. The President's body slumped to the left; his right leg shot up over the car door. A woman close by at the curb saw it. "My God!" she screamed. "He's shot!" Blood gushed from the President's head as it came to rest in Jackie's lap. "Jack!" she cried. "Oh, no! No!"

There was a shocked, momentary stillness, a frozen tableau. Then Kennedy's driver cried: "Let's get out of here quick!" He automatically pulled out of the motorcade—the set procedure in emergencies. The Secret Service agent next to him grabbed the radio telephone, called ahead to the police escorts, and ordered them to make for

DAVID MILLER—AP

the nearest hospital. Jackie bent low, cradling the President's head in her lap, and the Lincoln bolted ahead as if the shots themselves had gunned the engine into life. Sprinting to 70 m.p.h., it fled down the highway, rounding curves on two wheels. A Secret Service man, who had jumped onto the rear bumper of the car, flung himself across the trunk, and in his anger and frustration pounded it repeatedly with his fist.

The next car in line, an open touring sedan containing agents bristling with weapons, followed swiftly. In the third car, an open convertible carrying the Lyndon Johnsons and Texas' Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough, security agents yelled for the passengers to duck low, and that car followed in wild pursuit.

Five minutes later, the cars arrived at the emergency entrance of Parkland Memorial Hospital on Harry Hines Boulevard. The agents ran inside to get stretchers. John Connally was still con-

* Arrow points to the President's foot. Leaning figure is Secret Service man.



VIEW FROM THE WINDOW WHERE SHOTS WERE FIRED
But why should an assassin be there?

scious. The President had never known what hit him. Jacqueline Kennedy, even then proving that she had courage enough for a dozen, calmly continued to cradle her husband. Stretchers were brought out and both men were placed on them. Jackie, her skirt and stockings blotched by blood, helped get the President out of the car and, her hand on his chest, walked into the hospital beside him. Lyndon Johnson walked into the emergency clinic holding his hand over his heart, giving rise briefly to rumors that he had either been wounded or was suffering from a heart attack. Neither was the case: Lyndon was simply, profoundly stunned.

Policemen surrounded the entrance as the crowds thickened. A guard was set up around the Lincoln as Secret Service men got a pail of water and tried to wash the blood from the car. They left the sprays of red roses and asters that Jackie and Nellie Connally had been given at the airport lying forlorn on the floor.

The Hunt. At the assassination scene, meanwhile, that first moment of stillness gave way to frantic, confused movement. At the sound of the gunfire, bystanders grabbed children and fell over them to blanket them. Newsmen aboard the press bus far back in the procession yelled for the driver to stop, while others told him to keep moving. The bus jolted ahead, past horrified faces, frantically running figures, huddling women. A cop dropped to the ground and drew his revolver. A man fell on a grassy knoll, beating the earth with both fists in mindless fury. A heavy-set policeman began running, tripped, fell, scrambled to his feet, lumbered on. Police cars and motorcycle patrolmen stopped dead in their tracks. The officers got out, guns drawn, to search aimlessly. For what? For anything.

They surrounded the schoolbook

warehouse. Dozens of them poured inside with shotguns and began a room-to-room search. And near the fifth-floor landing, half-hidden behind crates of textbooks, they found an Italian-made kind of 6.5-mm. rifle fitted with a four-power telescopic sight. One flight above, near a sixth-floor window only 75 yds. from the point where Kennedy and Connally were shot, they discovered remnants of a chicken dinner in a bag, an empty pop bottle, and three spent cartridge cases. The assassin was gone.

But a Negro boy gave police a description of a man who had been seen leaving the building a few minutes earlier. At 12:36, an all-points pickup went over the radio to watch for a "white male, about 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weighing 160 to 165 lbs., about 30 years old."

"This Is It!" In the 400 block of East 10th Street, about four miles from the warehouse, Patrolman J. D. Tippitt, 38, driving alone in a squad car, heard the call. He saw a man on the sidewalk and stopped his car to question him. The fellow's height and weight corresponded to the description. He had kinky brown hair, a prominent forehead, thick eyebrows, a crimped, tight mouth, and a defiant air. Tippitt and the man exchanged a few words. Then the policeman got out of his car and walked around to the sidewalk. The man pulled a .38-cal. revolver, shot and killed Tippitt with hits in the head, chest and abdomen. Then he fled. It was 1:18 p.m.

A bystander jumped into the patrol car, called headquarters. Seven blocks away, the cashier at the Texas Theater telephoned police to report that a suspicious-looking man had entered the movie house, was constantly changing seats. At 1:35, four cops entered the theater, where the movie, *War Is Hell*, was just starting. The lights went up. The cop killer rose and cried: "This is it!" He aimed his revolver at one police-

man and pulled the trigger—but the weapon failed to fire. The cops jumped him and there was a fierce, brief struggle. Hauled bruised and kicking to police headquarters, the man was booked as Lee Harvey Oswald, 24, 5 ft. 9 in., 160 lbs.

"Terrible, Terrible." At the hospital had gathered the spirit-spent remnants of the presidential party. Outside the emergency entrance stood Senator Yarborough, who had had his political differences with both Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. Now he was weeping. "It didn't sound like a firecracker: I knew it wasn't right off," he said. "It was too loud, and there was a sort of concussion. Then all of a sudden they speeded up in front of us, and we tore right away from there as fast as we could. I saw an agent in front of me pull out his machine gun and look up at the building. The shots were like explosives, horrible explosives. I knew right away that something terrible, terrible, was wrong."

Inside, John Connally was quiet and calm in his pain as surgeons prepared to operate. His aide, Bill Stinson, blurted, "How did it happen?" Said Connally: "I don't know."

"Where'd they get you?"

"I think they shot me from the back. They shot the President too. Take care of Nellie."

For four hours the doctors worked, cleaning the wounds, removing bone splinters from the Governor's chest cavity, stitching a hole in one lung, treating the wounds in his thigh and wrist. At week's end doctors said his condition was satisfactory.

"To No Avail." But the President never regained consciousness. In Emergency Room No. 1, Dr. Kemp Clark, 38, chief of Parkland's neurosurgical department, examined a large wound in the President's head and another smaller wound—from the second of the three shots—in his throat. Clark and eight other doctors worked over him for 40 minutes, but the President was already as dead as though he had fallen on a battlefield in mortal combat. The doctors gave him oxygen, anesthesia, performed a tracheotomy to help breathing; they fed him fluids, gave him blood transfusions, attached an electrocardiograph to record his heartbeat.

When heart action failed to register, they tried closed-chest massage. But, said the doctors, "it was apparent that the President was not medically alive when he was brought in. There was no spontaneous respiration. He had dilated, fixed pupils. Technically, by using vigorous resuscitation, intravenous tubes and all the usual supportive measures, we were able to raise a semblance of a heartbeat." There were some "palpable pulses," said one doctor, but "to no avail."

While the doctors worked, Jackie waited. The look in her eyes, said a young medical student who saw her, "was like an animal that had been

trapped, like a little rabbit—brave, but fear was in the eyes."

At 12:45, two Roman Catholic priests went swiftly into the emergency room. A policeman came out. "How is he?" a reporter asked. "He's dead," came the reply. Assistant Press Secretary Malcolm Kilduff appeared. To a deluge of questions, he screamed, "I can't say, I just can't say!"

Last Rites. But he was dead. It was about 1 p.m. The Very Rev. Oscar L. Huber drew back a sheet that covered the President's face, and anointed John Kennedy's forehead with oil. He gave him conditional absolution—tendered when a priest has no way of knowing the victim's mind or whether the soul has yet left the body. In Latin, Father Huber said, "I absolve you from all censures and sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen. If you are living, may the Lord by this holy anointing forgive whatever you have sinned. Amen. I, by the faculty given to me by the Apostolic See, grant to you a plenary indulgence and remission of all sins and I bless you. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

Then he covered the President's face once more with the sheet and in English offered the prayers for the Dying and for the Departed Soul: "May the most clement Virgin Mary, Mother of God, the most loving consoler of the afflicted, commend to her Son the soul of this servant, John . . . Jesus, Mary and Joseph, assist me in my last agony. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, may I sleep and rest in peace in your holy company . . . Grant, O Lord, that while we here lament the departure of Your servant, we may ever remember that we are most certainly to follow him. Give us grace to prepare for that last hour by a good life, that we may not be surprised by a sudden death but be ever watching, for when Thou shalt call that soul, we may enter eternal glory through Christ, Our Lord. Eternal rest grant him, O Lord and let perpetual light shine upon him. Amen."

Jacqueline Kennedy stood next to the President's body, and with a clear voice, prayed with the others: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven . . ." and "Hail, Mary, full of grace. . ."

Burnished Bronze. Lyndon Johnson, guarded by contingents of agents, was hurried away from the hospital to the airport. Press Aide Kilduff came out at 1:36. His eyes red-rimmed, his voice barely controlled, he said: "President John F. Kennedy died at approximately 1 p.m. central standard time here in Dallas. He died of a gunshot wound in the brain. I have no other details of the assassination."

Soon, a white Cadillac hearse drew up before the entrance and a simple bronze casket was taken inside the hospital. Jackie removed the wedding band from her left hand and slipped it on the

President's finger, and then the casket was closed.

Mrs. Kennedy wanted to return immediately to Washington. The casket, with Jackie walking alongside, her hand on its burnished surface, was carried outside. At Dallas Love Field, the presidential plane was waiting.

The Transfer of Power

Inside Air Force One, trembling with the vibration of its idling engines, Jackie joined a sad and shaken group waiting for Lyndon Johnson to take his oath of office.

The plane's sweltering, gold-carpeted "living room" was crowded with 27 people. At Johnson's right was his wife Lady Bird. Behind them ranged White House staff members; Larry O'Brien and Kenneth O'Donnell were in tears; the shirt cuffs of Rear Admiral George Burkley, President Kennedy's personal

lie down." Replied Jackie: "No thanks, I'm fine." Minutes later Johnson gave his first order as President of the United States. "Now," he said, "let's get this thing airborne."

The ceremony in Air Force One occurred at 2:38 p.m., just 98 minutes after John Kennedy was officially declared dead. Technically, Johnson had become President the moment that Kennedy died. But with that ceremony, President Johnson seemed to realize for the first time that the transfer of responsibility was real. And as the blue and white plane sped through clear skies toward Washington at 635 m.p.h., the President, as a President must, began to make decisions. Any personal meditation on the day's events would have to wait until later.

Johnson did what he could to help Jacqueline, discovered that she wanted only one thing: to remain at the side of



THE NEW PRESIDENT TAKING OATH ON PLANE

"But let us begin."

physician, bore bloodstains. Federal District Judge Sarah T. Hughes, a trim, tiny woman of 67 whom Kennedy had appointed to the bench in 1961, pronounced the oath in a voice barely audible over the engines. Johnson, his left hand on a small black Bible, his right held high, repeated firmly: *I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. So help me God.*

The First Order. The President leaned forward, kissed Lady Bird on the forehead. Mrs. Johnson turned to Jackie, held her hand and said: "The whole nation mourns your husband." Dallas Police Chief J. E. Curry stepped up and advised the widow: "God bless you, little lady, but you ought to go back and

her husband's bronze casket in a rear passenger compartment. There, crewmen had hurriedly removed two rows of seats to provide space. Four White House aides—Kennedy's longtime friend Dave Powers, his Air Force Aide Brigadier General Godfrey McHugh, O'Brien and O'Donnell—sat with her.

Using the aircraft's radio telephone, Johnson called Mrs. Rose Kennedy, told her: "I wish to God that there was something I could do. I just wanted you to know that." He handed the phone to Lady Bird. "We feel like the heart has been cut out of us," she said. "Our love and our prayers are with you." Johnson called Nellie Connally, wife of the wounded Texas Governor, and said hopefully: "We are praying with you, darling, and I know that everything is going to be all right, isn't it?"

Johnson sent orders ahead that, as a



BOBBY & JACKIE WATCH CASKET LOADED ABOARD AMBULANCE
With indomitable courage.

first order of business, he wished to meet with congressional leaders of both parties shortly after his arrival, that he wanted to see any members of the Cabinet present in Washington "to ask all of them to remain in their posts," that he would also convene members of the White House staff. Next, he advised Washington's Andrews Air Force Base that he would make a brief public statement upon arrival, turned his attention to what he could say.

When the aircraft landed at Andrews at dusk, the MATS terminal was blazing with floodlights. President and Mrs. Johnson waited inside while a yellow cargo lift lumbered out to the plane's rear door. Uniformed pallbearers struggled to shift the heavy casket from the plane to the lift. Robert Kennedy met Jackie at the door, helped her to the ground. Officials motioned Jackie toward a black Cadillac, but she insisted on staying with the casket. She got into a grey military ambulance, refused to sit in front, climbed in back near her husband's body. Bobby joined her, and they drove off behind closed grey curtains between two lines of a white-gloved honor guard.

The First Statement. Johnson and Lady Bird emerged from the plane and were quickly engulfed by the men John-

son has known best in his quarter-century of Government service: the leaders of Congress. There was little talk. Senate Majority whip Hubert Humphrey cried openly. Minority Leader Everett Dirksen and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield gripped Johnson's hands.

Johnson turned slowly, strode away from the cluster of friends, walked toward a bank of microphones. It must have seemed the loneliest, longest walk of his life. Motioning Lady Bird to his side, Johnson spoke publicly for the first time as President, expressed his feelings simply.

"This is a sad time for all people," he said. "We have suffered a loss that cannot be weighed. For me it is a deep personal tragedy. I know the world shares the sorrow that Mrs. Kennedy and her family bear. I will do my best. That is all I can do. I ask for your help—and God's."

Moments later, Johnson took part in his first brief discussion of affairs of state. He and Lady Bird climbed into a helicopter with Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Under Secretary of State George Ball. They conferred during the seven-minute flight to the White House.

The grey helicopter, its red lights

blinking, swung past the floodlit Washington Monument, came down onto a steel landing pad on the south lawn of the White House, some 70 feet from Caroline and John Kennedy's treehouse, swing and jungle-gym set. Johnson walked through the flower garden into the oval presidential office. There secretaries had cleared Jack Kennedy's desk of personal mementos: a coconut shell on which he had carved a message of his survival after his PT boat sank in World War II, a silver calendar noting the dates of his confrontation with Nikita Khrushchev over Soviet missiles in Cuba, photos of Jackie and the children. Johnson lingered only briefly, decided to work out of his three-room vice-presidential suite in the adjacent Executive Office Building.

There Johnson received telephone calls from former Presidents Dwight Eisenhower and Harry Truman. Both assured him that they had confidence in him, would do whatever they could to help him in the transitional period. The President called FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover, told Hoover to throw as many men as he needed into the search for evidence against Kennedy's assassin. Said Johnson: "I want you to do whatever is needed to clean this up."

At his beck, the leaders of Congress assembled in Johnson's office. They included Mike Mansfield, Senators Dirksen, Humphrey, Tommy Kuchel, George Smathers, House Speaker McCormack, House Minority Leader Charlie Halleck, House Majority Leader Carl Albert. "The country needs unity as it has never needed it before," Johnson told them. He said he was worried that some other nations might conclude that this "very abrupt and sudden transition" in U.S. leadership would bring drastic changes in U.S. foreign policy. That would be wrong and dangerous, Johnson said. The leaders of both parties assured him of their cooperation.

Johnson called various members of the White House staff, told them he would need to "lean on them" now. He summoned a few of his own longtime aides—George Reedy, Walter Jenkins, Bill Moyers—and set up more meetings for Saturday, then drove to his home in Washington's Spring Valley section for the night.

Looking Ahead. At home, Johnson retreated to a private sitting room at the rear of the house. The first thing he saw there was a framed color photo of his beloved friend Sam Rayburn. The President saluted, then whispered: "Well, Mr. Speaker, I wish you were here tonight." Joined by several close friends, Johnson asked someone to switch on a television set. It showed films of a grinning Jack Kennedy shaking hands in Dallas shortly before the shooting. Johnson ordered the channel changed. "I just don't believe I can take that," he said.

Johnson called Secret Service Chief

Jim Rowley to the house, told him how one of his agents, Rufus Youngblood, had acted heroically at the time of the shooting. Assigned to guard Johnson, Youngblood had thrown the Vice President to the floor of his car at the first sound of the shots, then placed his own body atop Johnson, stayed there all the way to the hospital. Declared Johnson: "I want you to do whatever you can, the best thing that can be done, for that boy."

Despite the day's overwhelming events and despite his weariness, President Johnson was already looking ahead. He listed memos he would need for the next day's meetings, noted people he would have to call. And he said repeatedly: "We really have a big job to do now."

The Accused

Detectives and Secret Servicemen continued to question the suspect—but Lee Harvey Oswald defiantly denied any guilt. Nonetheless, the police charged him formally with the murder of the President. Then, on Sunday morning, as a huge phalanx of guards prepared to transfer Oswald from Police Headquarters to the Dallas County Jail, a man moved toward him, stabbed a revolver toward Oswald's abdomen and fired. About two hours later, 1:07 p.m., the prisoner was dead. Thus the world might never learn what had gone on in that strange mind that had driven him to assassination. There was, however, enough evidence to portray something of the manner of man he was.

Dead-End Streets. Oswald was no raving maniac. Various neighbors, past and present, described him as seeming reasonably intelligent, although generally silent to the point of acting contemptuous. "We finally quit saying good morning to him," said one, "because he would never answer." Said another: "He treated us like we were garbage." More than anything else, Oswald's life was one of heading almost masochistically down dead-end streets.

His father had been dead several months when Lee Oswald was born in New Orleans on October 18, 1939. His mother and older brother Robert moved first to the tenements of Harlem and later to Fort Worth. There Mrs. Marguerite Oswald worked in a candy factory to support her sons. "I saw my mother as a worker," Oswald once said, "always with less than we could use." A below-average student, he nonetheless read a lot and at 15 discovered Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. In his own words, it was like "a very religious man opening the Bible for the first time." He was, he explained, "looking for a key to my environment."

A sporadic student in Fort Worth high schools, he quit at 17 to join the Marine Corps. A marine who served with him at El Toro Air Station in California remembers him as "a lonely, introverted, aloof boy." Oswald, he re-

calls, "always said he hated the outfit," was bitter about "the tough time his mother had during the Depression." In boot camp, Oswald qualified as a "sharp-shooter," on the rifle range, trained as an electronics-equipment operator.

"Getting Out of Prison." Shipped out to Japan, Private First Class Oswald stayed steadily in trouble. First, he was court-martialed and busted to private on charges of failing to register a personal weapon—a pistol. Then he was court-martialed again for "using provocative words" to a noncommissioned officer. Oswald wanted out of the Corps. Claiming that his mother was ill and that her hospital insurance had lapsed, he applied for and got a hardship discharge in September of 1959. He was assigned to the Marine Corps inactive Reserve, but instead of going home he boarded a ship for the Soviet Union with the \$1,600 he had somehow saved. Granted admittance to Russia, he told U.S. reporters in Moscow that he felt as if he were "getting out of prison."

At the American embassy, Oswald announced that he meant to become a Soviet citizen, swore out an affidavit that said: "I affirm that my allegiance is to the Soviet Socialist Republic." The Marine Corps got news of Oswald's action, convened a special board and gave Oswald an "undesirable" discharge from the Marine Reserve. Enraged, Oswald wrote a letter to John Connally, who had just stepped down as Secretary of the Navy to run for Governor of Texas. Said the letter, which was found among Oswald's Marine records last weekend: "I shall employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice to a bona-fide U.S. citizen and ex-serviceman." Connally turned over the correspondence to his successor, Fred Korth, and Oswald's demands went no farther.

An American correspondent who met Oswald in Moscow recalls that "he

talked in terms of capitalists and exploiters, and said he was sure if he lived in the U.S. he wouldn't get a job, that he'd be one of the exploited. But I didn't perceive what the essential thing was—that this guy would be unhappy anywhere." Maybe the Russians were more perceptive. At any rate, they turned down his application for citizenship, agreed only to let him stay on as a resident alien.

He was in the Soviet Union for almost three years, worked for a time at a factory in Minsk, married a blonde hospital employee named Marina Prusakova. But in January of 1962, Oswald wrote to Texas' Republican Senator John Tower asking that the Senator help him and his Russian wife get out of Russia. Tower turned the request over to the State Department, which ruled that since Oswald had not succeeded in rejecting his U.S. citizenship he was worthy of a \$435 loan to get home with his wife.

Back in Fort Worth, Oswald still headed down the dead-end street, allied himself with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, a New York-headquartered pro-Castro outfit that holds a prominent place on the Communist front organization lists of both the State Department and the Department of Justice. In an erratic bit of derring-do, Oswald went to New Orleans last July. There he tried to infiltrate the Cuban Revolutionary Student Directorate, a militant crew of anti-Castro raiders, by offering his Marine experience to teach military tactics to members. Directorate leaders were leary of Oswald—and they were furious when, only a little later, they saw him passing out "Hands Off Cuba" pamphlets on a New Orleans street corner. Hot words and a scuffle followed. Oswald was fined \$10 for disturbing the peace. Soon afterward he took his wife and two small children to Dallas, landed a job as a warehouse man in the same



RUBY TAKING POINT-BLANK AIM AT OSWALD
His notoriety will outlive him.

building from which President Kennedy and Governor Connally were shot.

As the overwhelming evidence piled up against Oswald, police decided to transfer him to a maximum security jail. At 11:20 a.m., Oswald was led into the basement garage of City Hall and toward a nearby armored car.

Just then another car drove up. A man got out and jumped over a three-foot-high rail. He broke through a cordoned off Dallas cops—who were certain-

ly not having one of their good weeks—and approached Oswald almost as though he were going to shake hands. He was Jack Ruby (born Rubinstein) a stocky, balding 50-year-old bachelor who owns a couple of Dallas strip joints, was known to cops as a publicity-seeking pest.

Now, Ruby was carrying a revolver. He fired just once, and Oswald, hit on the left side just beneath the heart, doubled over. In a chaotic scene, some cops

grabbed Ruby, others carried Oswald to an ambulance. He was rushed to Parkland Hospital. For two hours, doctors labored to save his life. According to the medical announcement, he had suffered a "massive injury to the abdomen with major vessel injury." Bleeding was finally controlled, but Oswald then suffered a "spontaneous stopping of the heart." An incision was made, and the doctors began massaging Oswald's heart with their hands—but the treatment did not work.

THE EARLIER ASSASSINATIONS

ASSASSINATION has never been an instrument of politics in the U.S.: no plot to seize power, no palace intrigue, has ever cost an American President his life. The three assassins whose bullets killed Presidents Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were lonely psychopaths, adrift from reason in a morbid fascination with the place history gives those who reverse its orderly progress. Each sought an hour of mad glory—and each died convinced that history would understand.

John Wilkes Booth, 26, was among the most famous American actors of his time, but in the year before he killed Abraham Lincoln, his career was clouded with doom. "I must have fame—*fame!*" he would cry, but his grand Shakespearean voice was slipping into a chronic and desperate hoarseness, and he wildly determined to find his destiny away from the stage. "What a glorious opportunity for a man to immortalize himself by killing Abraham Lincoln!" he remarked to friends in Chicago two years before his crime.

Booth enlisted several conspirators in a plan to abduct Lincoln and hold him hostage in exchange for imprisoned Confederate troops, but as his plot disintegrated he decided on murder instead, and a number of the others withdrew. Booth nervously bided his time until he could seize a dramatic moment. He chose the night of April 14, 1865, when Lincoln was to attend a performance of *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theater in Washington. Booth visited the presidential box—No. 7—a few hours before curtain time, saw that the lock on its door was broken, and cut a small peephole through the wood.

Lincoln's only guard was drinking at a nearby tavern when Booth struck. While the audience cheered and hooted over a slapstick line in the play ("Well, I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, old gal—you sockdologizing old mantrap!"), Booth slipped into the box. With a shout of "*Sic semper tyrannis!* [Thus always to tyrants!]," he fired a shot from his derring into the back of Lincoln's head. He slashed his way past Lincoln's companion, leaped ten feet to the stage and, with a broken shinbone, hurtled himself past startled stagehands and into the night.

Lincoln died nine hours later. Booth lived like a dog while the search for him spread out across the country. Occasionally he saw a newspaper, only to read with bafflement and bitter disappointment that his crime had been condemned throughout the South. On April 26 he was cornered in a barn near Bowling Green, Va. Troops set fire to the barn to force him out and, as he was silhouetted in the flames, saw him felled by a single bullet. "Tell Mother I died for my country," he whispered as he was dragged from the fire.

Charles Julius Guiteau, 39, was known to President James A. Garfield only as a bragging pest who incessantly called at the White House to ask for "the Paris consulship." Guiteau, a lawyer and evangelist, described himself as an employee of "Jesus Christ & Co.," but wandering around Washington, sockless and absurd, he announced that his real mission was the salvation of unity in the Republican Party. At last he decided that God's will had or-

dained Garfield's death. He bought a .44-cal. revolver, tested it by firing at saplings along the Potomac, and went by the Washington jail to check on its comforts. "Very excellent," he decided.

When Garfield entered Washington's Baltimore & Potomac railway station at 9:20 a.m., July 2, 1881, on his way to a two-week vacation in the North, Guiteau stepped from behind a bench, walked within a few feet of the President and shot him in the back. "My God, what is this!" Garfield cried, toppling forward. Guiteau was captured immediately. He pleaded insanity of the "Abraham" variety—like Abraham in murderous pursuit of Isaac, he was in the command of a wrathful God. "Let your verdict be that it was the Deity's act not mine," he told his jurors, but they took only 65 minutes to condemn him to death. Garfield, cheerful and brave throughout his struggle for life, died 80 days after the shooting.

Leon F. Czolgosz, 28, thought of himself as an anarchist. But he seemed such a dubious character in even that company that five days before his murder of President William McKinley, *Free Society*, an anarchist periodical, carried a warning that he was a spy. After reading of the anarchist assassination of Italy's King Humbert I, the idea of killing the President began to grow in his mind. A week before the murder, he bought a .32-cal. pistol for \$4.50.

On Sept. 6, 1901, Czolgosz took a place in a receiving line in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. Crowds streamed into the domed room to shake the President's hand. Czolgosz, dressed in his best, simply stepped in among them. None of the 50 guards present noticed the gun he held wrapped in a white handkerchief. McKinley extended his hand as Czolgosz drew up to him. The killer slapped it away and fired two shots point-blank into the President's chest and abdomen. Guards and soldiers pounced on him and beat him with rifle butts until McKinley called out, "Be easy with him, boys." McKinley died eight days later. Czolgosz told his disgusted lawyers that he would take no part in his defense. "I killed the President because he was the enemy of the good working people," he said. "I am not sorry for my crime." The trial lasted 81 hours. The jury needed only 34 minutes to condemn him to death.

All three killers were very likely insane. None had a criminal past. But the national passions aroused by their crimes seem, in retrospect, a chilling echo of the assassinations themselves. Guiteau went raving to the scaffold, where a crowd that had paid as much as \$300 each for the pleasure of seeing him hang heard him cry, "Glory, glory, glory," as the door was sprung from beneath his feet. Czolgosz was electrocuted only 46 days after McKinley died, and a carboy of sulphuric acid was poured into his coffin afterward, by way of post-mortem punishment. Sergeant Boston Corbett, the soldier who claimed he had killed Booth, in defiance of orders that he be taken alive, explained that he had acted on God's authority. "Providence directed me," he said.

"All This Will Not Be Finished"

A dignified top hat sat squarely upon his head, but beneath it a boyish grin showed that the young man was having the time of his life. On that day—Jan. 20, 1961—John Fitzgerald Kennedy was sworn in as the 35th President of the United States. And when he had taken the oath of office, he stood bareheaded in a bitter winter wind and delivered an inaugural address that crackled with the gusto of youth, yet had an eloquence that was ageless.

"In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hours of maximum danger," he said, as his breath steamed in the cold air. "I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people, or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world."

High Judgment. Despite his narrow margin of victory, Kennedy's advent to office had raised hopes high. The rhetoric of his inaugural led to extravagant overpraise. But he had asked to be judged by the highest standards, and he died before achieving them.

His nation was prosperous and at peace. But if a historical scoreboard would not record many errors, it would list a few hits and fewer runs. He was a subject of boundless fascination to his countrymen; yet he aroused no such passions of either love or hatred as did Franklin Roosevelt. In the long view of history his Administration might be known less for the substance of its achievement than for its style.

Style he had. He was born with it, and he displayed it at every stage of his life—as the heir to a savagely competitive spirit and a million-dollar trust fund from his father; as the wartime hero of PT-109; as the student of power; as the driving politician who went from the House to the Senate to the White House. "Why do you want to be President?" he was asked in the summer of 1960. "Because that's where the power is," he replied.

In his style was a tough wit. When he met Nikita Khrushchev for the first time in Vienna in 1961, he noticed a medal on the Russian's chest, asked what it was. When Khrushchev replied that it symbolized the Lenin Peace Prize, Kennedy snapped back: "I hope you keep it." Again, when he spoke at a big-money fund-raising dinner in Denver, he looked over the audience for a moment, then cracked: "I am touched

by your attendance—but, of course, not as deeply touched as you were."

Occasionally, his self-confidence amounted to cockiness. Just before he was inaugurated, he said: "Sure it's a big job. But I don't know anybody who can do it any better than I can. It isn't going to be so bad. You've got time to think—and besides, the pay is pretty good." Yet he was always the realist, and a year later he frankly admitted: "This job is interesting, but the possibilities for trouble are unlimited. It's been a tough first year, but then they're all going to be tough."

Image. Kennedy made the rocking chair a viable seat of government. From



JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY*
The dreams were unfulfilled.

there he would endlessly discuss how things looked from the most important office in the world. One day last spring he sprawled in that chair, fidgeted with the corset he wore for his bad back, and told a reporter: "In some ways the world is better. But in some ways it is worse. We are better off in our relations with the Soviets. But on the other hand, if the Red Chinese begin to gain, then we are worse off. I guess the people are frustrated some. They rather enjoyed the Cuban crisis, but that was an easy one and nobody had to go off to war. We didn't have thousands getting killed. The people tire of the long battle in the cold war. I don't blame them."

To Kennedy, his "image" was all-important. Few Presidents have ever been so preoccupied with their public relations, and few so sensitive to criti-

cism. He sometimes called newsmen in their homes to blast them for something they had reported about him. Yet he enjoyed the company of journalists, gave them bountifully of his time and confidences. Occasionally he would even take a reporter down to the White House pool, float on his back in the lukewarm water and talk—off the record—of his problems and prospects.

During one such sojourn early in his Administration, a reporter, between splashes, asked him if he would want to serve as President for more than two terms—if he could. "It's against the law," said Kennedy. "Anyway, I don't want this job more than eight years."

Look at it. Laos may go to hell again next week. There's this nuclear testing thing. Berlin, Viet Nam—all that. Yeah, I know that's what makes it exciting, that's what makes it challenging. But eight years seems enough."

The Fighters. Instead of eight years, he got 34 months and two days. During that period, President Kennedy may have made mistakes—but he made them with the same energy, the same activist style that was in a sense his greatest strength. In 1962, when he thought that Big Steel had double-crossed him by announcing a price raise, he reacted furiously, brought all the political and police powers at his command to bear on the industry, damaged almost irreparably his relationships with the nation's business community.

His critics claimed that he placed politics over principle, that he became an all-out adherent of civil rights legislation only after the Negro revolution had placed a vote-getting premium on such legislation, that his tax-cut program was aimed more at the 1964 elections than at true fiscal reform. His relations with Congress, never good, deteriorated this last year—and the 88th Congress set a record for nonachievement.

He was a fighter, and while upon occasion he might have seemed to hedge or retrench while under political fire, upon only one occasion did he really appear to wilt. That was during the Bay of Pigs fiasco, and as the word of the debacle came into the White House, the President's natural aggressiveness, the competitive spirit that was his family hallmark, appeared to desert him almost entirely. An aide, watching him sink into indecisive despondency, remarked: "This is the first time that Jack Kennedy ever lost anything."

Moments. But he also had his fine presidential moments—and to many the finest came in October 1962, when he set up a naval blockade that forced Nikita Khrushchev to remove the missiles that the Soviets had sneaked into Cuba. During that dramatic showdown, which both Kennedy and Khrushchev

* A 1961 sketch for TIME by the Italian artist Pietro Annigoni.



AS A WINNER, handsome new President applauded his old PT-109 shipmates passing by in the inaugural parade.



AS A FATHER, he had great moments with the children, such as this greeting last summer from 2½-year-old "John-John."



AS A YACHTSMAN, he hugely appreciated President's nautical perks, cruised on *Honey Fitz* and piloted yawl *Manitou* (above).

PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE



AT A PARTY, big (like the inaugural ball) or small, he had a way of enjoying himself and contributing to others' enjoyment.



AS A READER, he devoured books at 1,200 words per minute, regularly skimmed ten newspapers, 16 periodicals.



AT A CEREMONY, whether throwing out the first ball or signing a bill, he performed with verve and aplomb.



BILL DEEDE—LOS ANGELES TIMES



WITH "VIGAH," despite chronically troublesome back, he projected an athletic image, as in this 1962 Santa Monica beach scene.

UPI



WITH WIT, and remarkable store of facts, he mastered and savored the give-and-take of his press conferences.

later said had brought the world to the brink of thermonuclear war, Kennedy said: "This secret, swift and extraordinary buildup of Communist missiles—in an area well known to have a special and historical relationship to the U.S. and the nations of the Western Hemisphere—is a deliberately provocative and unjustified change in the status quo, which cannot be accepted by this country if our courage and our commitments are ever to be trusted again by either friend or foe." Kennedy made Khrushchev back down—although not so far as he, and certainly not his critics, would have liked.

That was not the only time that President Kennedy stood firm before Khrushchev. In 1961, when the Communists sealed off the Eastern zone with the evil Wall in Berlin and seemed ready to block the Western allies from their access routes to West Berlin, Kennedy dispatched then-Vice President Johnson to the scene, sent 1,500 armored troops rolling down the autobahn and beefed up U.S. forces in Germany. Again Khrushchev backed down—and not for the last time.

The Big Achievement. If President Kennedy himself were to have named the achievement of which he felt proudest, it probably would have been the signing of the nuclear test ban treaty.

Hardly had he taken office than the Soviet Union broke the three-year moratorium that had existed on atmospheric testing. Kennedy reluctantly ordered new U.S. tests in September 1961. Said he: "We have no other choice in fulfillment of the responsibilities of the U.S. to its own citizens and to the security of other free nations." But he hated to do it, and once confided to a close friend: "It really doesn't matter as far as you and I are concerned. What really matters is all the children." He worked constantly and with dedication to bring about the treaty that was finally initiated last July—and it was due far more to his persistent efforts than to the so-called "Spirit of Moscow" that it finally came about.

Although at the time of his death domestic and international problems still bristled about him, what John Kennedy wanted more than anything else was to be re-elected next year. That desire did not spring from an unnatural greed for power, or even from his driving competitive spirit, but from his feeling that if he could be returned to the White House with a fresh and stronger mandate he would be better able to achieve solutions to the problems that beset his nation.

He never got the chance. And because he did not, perhaps it was John Kennedy who, in that memorable inaugural address, best pronounced the historian's verdict of his own brief time in the presidency: "All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin."

"Some Day You'll Be Sitting in That Chair"

The office of Vice President has often been deemed, especially by men who held it, a job fit only for a nonentity. It was called "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived" (John Adams, the first Vice President), "a fifth wheel to the coach" (Theodore Roosevelt), "as useful as a cow's fifth teat" (Harry Truman), and not worth a "pitcher of warm spit" (John Nance Garner).

But as Lyndon Johnson would readily agree, and as the U.S. may rest assured, he is far from being a nonentity. Per-



F.D.R. & L.B.J. (1937)

An experienced and able craftsman.

haps still another Vice President best described his skills. "He is," Richard Nixon once said, "one of the ablest political craftsmen of our time." During Republican Dwight Eisenhower's two terms, Johnson was the Senate's Democratic floor leader, and between presidential election years he was generally recognized as the U.S.'s most powerful Democrat. By the time he accepted his party's vice-presidential nomination, he was probably the only Democrat in the country who could step down to the nation's second-highest office.

Those Aching Arms. No one who ever saw him as Senate leader could ever forget it. He seemed to be everywhere—in the chamber, the cloakrooms, the caucuses and the corridors—cajoling, persuading, convincing and sometimes threatening. A fellow Senate Democrat once explained Johnson's techniques in relatively benign terms: "The secret is, Lyndon gives and takes. If you go along with him, he gives you a little here and there—a dam, or support for a bill." But a good many Senators can testify that when such conciliation failed, they had their arms twisted almost permanently out of place.

During those years, Lyndon loved to insist that he did not want to be President of the U.S. Once, while he was Senate majority leader, he and Ike were conversing in the President's office.

Pointing to the chair behind his desk, Ike volunteered: "Some day you'll be sitting in that chair." Replied Lyndon: "No, Mr. President, that's one chair I'll never sit in." He may have thought he meant it. But he is, in fact, as ambitious as he is able. And no man with the political capabilities and chemistry of Lyndon Johnson could help aspiring to the White House.

A Senator Is Born. His profession was forecast on the very day that he was born in a little frame house among the pecan and sycamore trees on the banks of the Pedernales River near Stonewall, Texas. On that momentous occasion his grandfather, Sam Ealy Johnson, an old Indian fighter and cattleman, raced around on horseback announcing to everyone within range of his roar: "A United States Senator's been born today." Lyndon inherited his interest in politics; both his grandfather and father were members of the Texas legislature.

At 15, Lyndon and some chums went to California and took up odd jobs. But Johnson soon returned, borrowed \$75 to get started at Southwest Texas State Teachers College. In 1932 he went to Washington as a congressional secretary, reorganized a group of Capitol Hill staffers who called themselves "The Little Congress," got himself elected "speaker," and turned the outfit into a hotbed of New Deal ideology.

He also became the particular protégé of family friend and fellow Texan Sam Rayburn, who got President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to appoint Johnson director of the National Youth Administration for Texas. Lyndon used his position as a springboard to a successful campaign for the U.S. House of Representatives. He was then 29, and except for seven months in the Navy, he has held national elective office ever since.

Those Missing Ballots. In 1941 Congressman Johnson ran for the Senate in a special election, came in second out of 29 candidates. In 1948 he tried again—and beat former Governor Coke Stevenson in a runoff primary by precisely 87 votes out of 988,295 cast. Stevenson of course charged fraud, but couldn't prove it—the suspect ballots had mysteriously disappeared.

In the Senate, Johnson drew early attention by organizing and running the Preparedness Subcommittee after the start of the Korean war. The subcommittee saved the taxpayers \$500 million by recommending changes in the tin program, another \$1 billion by discovering that the Government was paying too much for natural rubber. Johnson's talent for getting his colleagues to agree was already in evidence: all 46 of the subcommittee's reports were unanimous.

Partly on that basis, but mostly at the urging of Georgia's Democratic Senator Richard Russell, Lyndon was elected Democratic floor leader in 1953. As leader of the Senate he often put in 18-hour days, and at 6 ft. 3 in. and 200 lbs., seemed as hale and hearty as anyone in Washington. But a massive heart attack in 1955 slowed him down tem-

porarily, cut his smoking from three packs a day to none, and tempered his ambitions for even higher office.

Only One Boss. Johnson is now President of the U.S. because he changed his mind at the last minute about accepting John Kennedy's offer to be his running mate. At the 1960 convention, Johnson was Kennedy's strongest opponent, and Lyndon had some rather unkind things to say about Jack. But after Kennedy won on the first ballot, he asked Lyndon to take the vice-presidential nomination. At first Lyndon refused to trade "a vote for a gavel." But he finally accepted. Said he to Kennedy: "I know there is only one boss. That's you."

As candidate, Johnson helped secure Texas for the Democratic ticket, and as Vice President, he served the President well. Johnson's tongue can turn nasty. But if anyone ever heard him say anything disloyal to his White House leader, the fact is not on record.

Being Vice President, Johnson automatically became a member of the National Security Council and head of the National Aeronautics and Space Council. He also sat in at Cabinet meetings. Kennedy beefed up the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity and put it under Johnson's chairmanship. Lyndon also became Kennedy's sometime emissary overseas. In 1961 he went to Southeast Asia, continued around the world. Later that year he was rushed to Berlin when The Wall went up. In 1962 he barnstormed through the Middle East, struck up his famous friendship with Bashir Ahmad, the camel driver. So far this year Johnson has been in Scandinavia and the Benelux countries.

Indeed, L.B.J. was so often out of the U.S. that speculation inevitably arose that J.F.K. was just trying to keep him out of the White House's way. Things got to the point where Kennedy recently had to deny at a press conference that he was planning to "dump" Lyndon in 1964.

Not Far Apart. In fact, despite differences of background, personality and political technique, Johnson and Kennedy were not far apart in their basic policy views, and the 36th President is generally expected to carry out the programs of his predecessor. Some views recently expressed by Johnson with which Kennedy would have concurred:

- **PEACE.** "Reciprocity is the key to peace. If the Soviets want America's cooperation, they can earn it. If the Soviets want America's hostility, they certainly can provoke it."

- **NUCLEAR TEST BAN TREATY.** "We are not taking any needless risks for peace. But neither are we foreclosing the future. We have no desire to perpetuate the burdens and dangers of the cold war, no ambition to doom mankind to the accumulated folly of an intensified arms race, no wish to convince the Soviets that even reasonable proposals will be rejected by us without fair or adequate consideration."

- **CUBA.** "We shall not be content until the last of the Soviet forces are withdrawn from Cuban soil."

- **SPACE.** "We are not reaching for prestige in space; we are reaching for peace. We do not know—and the Soviets do not know—what the stars will tell us. We do know that to default: the exploration of the universe of space would surely be as catastrophic in its consequences as if we had defaulted exploration of the universe of the atom."

- **CIVIL RIGHTS.** "Unless we are willing to yield up our destiny of greatness among the civilizations of history, Americans—white and Negro together—must be about the business of resolving."



LADY BIRD IN A DIFFERENT ROLE
A woman who always gets three estimates.

ing the challenge which confronts us now. Until justice is blind to color, until education is unaware of race, until opportunity is unconcerned with the color of men's skins, emancipation will be a proclamation but not a fact."

The New First Lady

"Women have always played a big part in my life," Lyndon Johnson once said. For 29 years, the biggest part has been played by one woman—Claudia Alta Taylor Johnson, the new First Lady of the land.

"Lady Bird"* Johnson, 50, is one of the busiest women in the nation's busy capital. She rolls bandages for the Red Cross and pours milk for underprivileged children. She runs her own million-dollar businesses. She entertains everyone from American astronauts to illiterate Pakistani camel drivers—with heaping portions of hominy and homey Texas charm. The Washington newspapers love her: hardly a day goes by without her picture on the society pages. But to most of the U.S., Lady Bird Johnson is still just a funny name.

A Bond Every Month. Daughter of an Alabama storekeeper turned Texas

rancher, Lady Bird was fresh out of the University of Texas when she met Lyndon Johnson in 1934. He was working as secretary to Congressman Richard Kleberg, a part-owner of the famed King Ranch. "I knew I'd met something remarkable," she says, "but I didn't know quite what." Johnson proposed on their first date—and ten weeks later they were married. "My aunt objected," she says. "But my daddy said some of the best deals are made in a hurry." Lyndon's salary was \$260 a month, but the newlyweds made it do: they lived in a \$42.50 Washington apartment, bought an \$18.75 savings bond every month. In 1937, Lady Bird financed Lyndon's first congressional campaign with a \$10,000 loan from her father.

Lady Bird manned campaign telephones, distributed buttons, operated as official greeter. When she thought Lyndon's campaign speeches were too long, she slipped him notes reading "That's enough." She gave advice freely, later noted: "I see some of my ideas put into practice. I'm not sure Lyndon remembers where he got them." When Johnson lost the presidential nomination to Kennedy in 1960, Lady Bird faced the press. "Lyndon would have made a noble President—a tough, can-do President," she said. "But as a mother and a wife and a woman who wakes up in the morning and wants to call her day her own, I have a sizable feeling of relief."

The relief was short-lived: Johnson was nominated for the vice-presidency. Fortified with a cram course in public speaking, Lady Bird set off on a whirlwind campaign tour, made scores of appearances, got a modest share of the credit when Texas went Democratic.

Muzak in Every Room. Back in Washington, Lady Bird set up headquarters in The Elms, a Norman mansion in Washington's Spring Valley section (previous owner: Capital Party Giver Perle Mesta). With Daughters Lynda Bird (now 19) and Lucy Baines (16) growing up, the Johnsons provided all comforts. Lady Bird piped Muzak into every room, built a heated \$15,000 swimming pool in the backyard, stocked two freezers with enough prime Texas steaks for a regiment. Johnson traveled more than any other Vice President—to Asia, Scandinavia, the Benelux countries, around the world—and Lady Bird always went along.

As shrewd a businesswoman as she is a politician, Lady Bird has parlayed an inheritance of \$67,000 and 2,900 acres of Alabama cotton and timber land into a radio-TV station in Austin, Texas, four cattle ranches and a bulging stock portfolio. Her estimated net worth is about \$5,000,000, but she is thrifty enough to buy "seconds" in household linens. "She asks the price of everything," says a friend. "When the house needs repair work, she gets three estimates." Yet her most notable quality is her capacity for enjoyment. "I wouldn't trade this life for anything," she once said. For Lady Bird Johnson, this life may be much different from now on.

* A nickname that has stuck with her ever since she was two, when a Negro nursemaid said: "Lawd, she's as pretty as a little lady bird."

THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Siege Before Election

Violence has become a way of life in Venezuela. For more than a year, Communists and Castroites have been waging a well-organized campaign of terror to prevent a peaceful national election on Dec. 1. If it is held, Rómulo Betancourt will be a long step closer to his proud goal: to be the first Venezuelan President in modern times to have completed his five-year term and turned over office to a freely elected successor.

Bombs & Bullets. At times last week, Caracas seemed a city besieged. Operating under the initials F.A.L.N., the Communists issued a call for a nationwide general strike. Carloads of terrorists raced through the capital's streets, strewing nails and tacks to halt traffic. Buildings were bombed; offices and a warehouse of U.S. companies were raided, banks were robbed, radio stations invaded. From rooftop hiding places, F.A.L.N. snipers fired indiscriminately on policemen, soldiers, civilians—anyone in the open. In the first volleys, a 27-year-old woman was killed, an eleven-year-old girl and a 17-month-old toddler wounded.

The Communists' desperate hope is to provoke Venezuela's powerful military into a coup, canceling the elections. So far, at least, the soldiers have kept both their temper and their loyalty to Betancourt. Acting on presidential orders, small squads of troops moved into the city to root out F.A.L.N. snipers; police details prodded merchants into raising their shutters, and security agents rounded up every leftist they could find. By week's end more than 200 were in prison; 25 people were dead, another 90 wounded.



WOUNDED CHILD IN CARACAS
A city under the gun.

Young Fanatics. The tragedy of the bloodshed is that the F.A.L.N. speaks for practically no one but itself—a band of youthful fanatics believed to number about 500, with possibly another few hundred fringe supporters. Despite their troublemaking, after 41 years of Betancourt democracy seems to be gaining strength in Venezuela. Land reform is under way, education and other social services expanding rapidly; foreign investment is returning and Venezuela's oil-rich economy rates as one of Latin America's brightest. Nearly 94% of the population over 18 has registered to vote in the elections; the likelihood is that Betancourt's Democratic Action and other moderate parties will win a solid vote of confidence.

Betancourt is constitutionally barred from succeeding himself, and Democratic Action's nomination has gone to his old friend and the party's president, Raúl Leoni, 57, a somewhat aloof and colorless politician who nevertheless can be expected to follow Betancourt's programs. The race for second place could be close, with a slight edge given to the Social Christian Party (COPEI), led by Rafael Caldera, 47, an able and dynamic lawyer. The two parties already operating together as a coalition, are expected to win a controlling majority in Congress and a mandate to carry on.

CANADA

Storm over Diefenbaker

The bestselling book in Canada last week was a work of harsh political criticism—*Renegade in Power: The Diefenbaker Years*. It deals with John G. Diefenbaker, the controversial Conservative who held power from 1957 until he was toppled last April by Lester Pearson's Liberals. The first edition of 8,500 was sold out in five days; by Christmas the publishers expect a sale of 25,000 copies, which is brisk demand in a country of 19 million.

"Backwoods Barrister." Author Peter C. Newman, 34, national affairs editor of *Maclean's* magazine, is an Austrian-born Canadian who first regarded Diefenbaker with great admiration. He now sees the ex-Prime Minister as a messianic orator who in office "turned out to be not a spiritual leader at all, but a renegade. He interpreted the people's splendid acclaim of him as adequate proof of his greatness."

Diefenbaker's administrative skills were those "of a backwoods barrister," says Newman, describing weeks of frantic search by Diefenbaker's staff for a letter from President Eisenhower—a hunt that ended when Diefenbaker found the letter under his own bed. In Cabinet meetings, says Newman, Diefenbaker acted the tyrant, treating his colleagues like a "delinquent scout troop," refusing to allow smoking and demanding unanimity on all questions.



AUTHOR NEWMAN & SUBJECT
A letter under the bed.

At the same time, "he seemed temperamentally incapable of assuming the blame for mistakes himself."

For the U.S., Diefenbaker had only distrust. He privately called President Kennedy "that young fool," says Newman, and when Kennedy made a state visit to Ottawa in 1961, the welcome was chilly. At a breakfast meeting, Kennedy showed Diefenbaker a five-item U.S. "working paper" for the talks (samples: inviting Canadian support for the Alliance for Progress, more Canadian backing for foreign aid). Diefenbaker neatly wrote "no" beside each item. Later Kennedy misplaced the paper. Diefenbaker found and kept it.

One of the intriguing small flurries of the 1962 Canadian election was the report that the memo contained an additional notation in Kennedy's writing: "What do we do with the ——— now?" (Some storytellers filled in the blank with s.o.b.). Newman says that Diefenbaker threatened to make the paper public to ensure his re-election on an anti-U.S. issue but changed his mind after U.S. Ambassador Livingston Merchant informed him that all further dealings between the two chiefs of state would then become impossible.

"Nest of Traitors." Diefenbaker survived the 1962 election with a minority government, but relations with the U.S. steadily worsened when he refused to keep his nuclear-defense commitments. At last, just before the 1963 elections, Diefenbaker's Cabinet revolted.

As Newman reports the scene, Diefenbaker raged at this "nest of traitors," pounded the table and demanded that all his supporters stand up. When nine ministers remained seated, he was stunned. Then he turned away muttering, "I resign."

Diefenbaker quickly recovered his fighting spirit and stayed on to contest the 1963 elections—in which, says Newman, Kennedy unofficially lent the anti-Diefenbaker Liberals the services of Political Pollster Lou Harris, whose studies

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THE NATIONS

"How Sorrowful Bad"

In halting English, a Moslem telegraph operator in the Middle East tapped out on the telex: "Is it correct Kennedy killed pls?" When New York replied, "Yes, an hour ago," the Moslem signed off, "How sorrowful bad."

As the shadow of the news spread across the world, it was received everywhere with stunned disbelief. The Empress of Iran broke into tears, as did the President of Tanganyika, and countless anonymous men and women. Along Rome's Via Veneto grief sounded operatic. "E morto!" people called to one another, and at a cocktail party the guests put down their glasses and began to recite the Lord's Prayer.

Wherever monarchs still ruled—in the United Kingdom, in Jordan—formal court mourning was proclaimed. Hardly a nation in the world failed to order the rites of tolling bells and lowered flags. Theaters and sports arenas closed down on individual impulse. With the news of Kennedy's death, a Viennese ice show halted in mid-performance; in Belgium, a six-day bicycle race was interrupted; in distant Nepal, the ceremonial opening of a leprosarium was postponed.

Everywhere, bars, cafés and restaurants emptied long before closing time. Strangers spoke to each other in short, simple phrases—"Poor Jackie," or "How awful," or "It can't be true." The phones of Americans abroad never ceased ringing, as foreign friends and acquaintances—or even total strangers—called to offer sympathy. The streets in front of U.S. embassies were jammed with

mourners who stood in line for hours to write their names in books of condolence. Some brought flowers, but many searched out an American diplomat merely to shake his hand.

Monstrous Act. One by one the statesmen joined the chorus of commiseration. As Big Ben tolled every minute for one hour (a gesture normally reserved for deaths in the royal family), Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home said: "There are times when the mind and the heart stand still." From Sir Winston Churchill came a statement: "This monstrous act has taken from us a great statesman and a wise and valiant man." The words still seemed to carry the old, sibilant indignation of the ancient lion. Liberia's President William Tubman called: "The urn of grief has been opened and is being filled with the tears of friends the world over." Israel's David Ben-Gurion only asked: "Why, why?"

Almost by reflex, people rushed to disclaim even remote complicity in the murder. "Thank God it wasn't a Negro," said a Negro in Toronto. Many others insisted on reading into the event their own political passions. Statesmen in Africa, Asia and elsewhere insisted that the deed must have been done by a racist, and that Kennedy was a martyr like Lincoln or Gandhi. And Nehru could not resist remarking that the murder gave evidence of "dark corners in the U.S., and this great tragedy is a slap for the concept of democracy."

Golden Boy. The mourning voices first of all were for the President of the United States, regardless of his name or identity. For in a sense far beyond daily foreign policy squabbles, he is to



LONDONERS READ THE NEWS
"The mind and heart stand still."

much of the world the protector of the weak, the benefactor of the poor.

Because of the changes in the cold war climate that occurred during his Administration, millions, even on the enemy side, mourned John Kennedy as a man of peace. But above all they mourned him for his person. Perhaps even more than his own countrymen, other peoples saw in him the embodiment of American virtues—youth, strength, informality, good looks, the idealistic belief that all problems can eventually be solved. A Southern Rhodesian paper called him "the golden boy," and Common Market President Walter Hallstein said that Kennedy "personified the most beautiful qualities of his people."

Possibly more than any other President in U.S. history, he had set out to charm the world, and he had succeeded in convincing many a nation that it was his special favorite.

Alive, John Kennedy had been particularly idolized by the citizens of West Germany, who received him last June as they had no other foreign leader. When the President told a crowd of 150,000 West Berliners, "Ich bin ein Berliner," the German people were his. Dead, John Kennedy was instantly enshrined by Germans as a hero. On the night of his assassination, 25,000 West Berlin students assembled and marched on city hall, where Mayor Willy Brandt, exhausted from a trip to Africa, told them: "I know how many are weeping tonight. We Berliners are poorer tonight. We all have lost one of the best."

West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard was on his special train returning from a Paris meeting with Charles de Gaulle. A Scotch and soda at his elbow, he was briefing himself for a trip to Washington to see Kennedy, sched-



TORCHLIGHT PARADE IN BERLIN
"How many are weeping tonight."

uled for this week. When Erhard's press chief came suddenly into the car and blurted out the news that Kennedy was dead, Erhard sat in a stunned silence. Finally he murmured, "Unfassbar, kaum fassbar [Inconceivable, hardly conceivable]."

Under Fire. In Paris, the news reached President de Gaulle in his private apartments at the Elysée Palace. He turned on his TV set. When Kennedy's death was confirmed, De Gaulle—himself twice the target of assassination attempts—called in his staff. His face drawn and pale, he dictated his statement of condolence: "President Kennedy has died like a soldier, under fire . . ." Russia's Red Army Choir, performing at Paris' Palais des Sports, interrupted its program for the announcement of the death and then, after a moment of silence, sang a Schubert lied in Kennedy's memory.

In Geneva, Swiss citizens jammed traffic by abandoning their cars in the middle of the streets to snatch up newspapers. An old woman, tears staining her cheeks, cried, "What an age we are living in!"

In Spain, no foreigner has ever won the public's heart as had Kennedy. Said a Madrid editor, "Nothing has jolted me so much since the start of our own Civil War." Americans were sought out for a pat on the shoulder, a comforting phrase such as, "*Hombre, lo siento mucho* [Man, I feel deeply]."

Italy was locked in a political crisis when the news came. Premier Aldo Moro promptly adjourned his attempts to form a Cabinet with left-wing Socialist Leader Pietro Nenni. Emerging from the meeting, 72-year-old Nenni, with tears in his eyes, said: "These are little affairs of ours, in the face of this tragedy for the whole world." At the Vatican Pope Paul went to his private chapel to pray for the wounded President and, after the news of his death, said Mass.

To Ireland, John Kennedy was the apotheosis of the country's hopes and history—the great-grandson of a poor emigrant who had stormed the ramparts of the New World and won its highest honor. He was looked upon, said the Irish Times, "as a younger brother and with great affection."

Reichstag Fire. On the other side of the Iron Curtain, Chairman Nikita Khrushchev and two aides drove to the U.S. embassy in Moscow. Dressed in black and looking noticeably depressed, Khrushchev spoke for 19 minutes with U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler, reminiscing about the slain President. Khrushchev's wife Nina cabled Jacqueline Kennedy. The genuine dismay in Russia was soon modified by politics, when it turned out that the prime suspect was a self-declared Marxist who had lived in Russia. Said one Soviet journalist suspiciously: "Is this affair being whipped up in the press? Is the situation grim?" Said another Russian taking up what sounded like an emerging prop-

aganda line: "Remember that they found a Communist who started the Reichstag fire."

In the Middle East, one Iraqi was amazed: "We are used to this kind of thing in Arab countries. But in America?" In the Congo, East Katanga's President Edouard Bulundwe and his entire Cabinet, together with their seldom seen wives, trooped into the home of the U.S. consul. "This is how we behave in Africa when a great chief dies," explained Bulundwe as they sat stiffly in the drawing room. "President Kennedy will be mourned in even the smallest village of our country as a man who cared for and worked for the blacks."

It was the same in Asia. In Thailand, authorities sent sound trucks into the villages to spread the mournful news

in America, all the Yankee baiting seemed to disappear for the moment. A sense of pessimism about the future gripped Brazil, and the downtown streets of Rio de Janeiro were filled with people whose tight faces, glazed eyes and unaccustomed silence revealed their feelings. In the *favelas* (shantytowns) on Rio's outskirts, samba bands called off their rehearsals for the carnival, and President João Goulart said about Kennedy: "I kneel before his memory."

The most eloquent Latin American voices were those heard in the street. A janitor in Quito, who had been listening to the news on radio, refused to read his newspaper because "it's too painful to go over such a sad story again." Despite later revelations about the crime, most Latin Americans persisted in believing



KHRUSHCHEV & KOHLER AT U.S. EMBASSY IN MOSCOW
"Is the situation grim?"

that Prathanathibodi (President) Kennedy was dead. In Saigon, people were more shocked by Kennedy's death than they had been by that of President Diem; and Buddhists held special memorial services and prayers. In Japan, technicians were up before dawn to receive the historic first trans-Pacific TV broadcast from the U.S., which was to have included a personal message from the President. Instead, the voice of a Japanese newsmen in Manhattan reported the news of Kennedy's death.

In all of Asia, Red China was almost alone in its determined lack of sympathy. Peking radio carried the Kennedy story without comment. The Hong Kong Communist New Evening Post sneered that Kennedy had "used a two-faced policy to promote an imperialist war course."

Vanishing Baiters. Even Cuba proved less surly than Red China. Fidel Castro deplored the murder, said he had no reason to wish for Kennedy's death, but conceded that "perhaps" Cuba might have had motives "to feel like it" and vaguely suggested that "reactionaries" were really to blame. Elsewhere in Lat-

that Kennedy had been slain because of his support for Negro rights. In Buenos Aires, women cried, "*Qué barbaridad!*", and old men made sad, futile gestures with their hands. Said one grieving Colombian: "It seems as though all the Presidents in all the Latin American countries have died."

To the north, throughout Canada, theaters and arenas closed their doors, and large cities became hushed with a curious quiet. Prime Minister Lester Pearson was just about to open a session of Parliament when he was handed a note. He threw it on the top of his desk, slumped back in his seat and seemed at a loss for words. His voice broke as he said: "The world can ill afford at this time in our history to lose a man of his courage."

History's more precise appraisals would come later, as would the resumption of all the world's usual enmities. But for a brief time at least, the U.N. General Assembly, standing in silence, was in a mood to agree with U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, who said: "All of us who knew him will bear the grief of his death to the day of ours."



RUSK, McNAMARA, LODGE, TAYLOR, FELT & HARKINS IN HAWAII
Fitful war and slow leadership.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Optimism at Honolulu, Problems in Saigon

In Admiral Harry Felt's reinforced concrete command post high above Pearl Harbor, top U.S. officials last week gathered for the first exhaustive policy study of South Viet Nam since the coup that toppled the Diem regime. For the nine-hour conference Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Maxwell Taylor had flown in from Washington; from Saigon came Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and General Paul Harkins. The Honolulu meeting exuded almost relentless optimism about the war, and the policymakers clung bravely to the line that things should be sufficiently in hand by 1965 to permit complete withdrawal of the 16,500 American troops.

Just in Time. One of the few concrete decisions leaked from the conference was a hardly surprising agreement to intensify anti-guerrilla operations in South Viet Nam's rice bowl, a wedge-shaped section of the Mekong Delta from Saigon south, where one-third of the population is concentrated and the Viet Cong is strongest. Another decision: to revise the government's strategic-hamlet program. All too often in the past, reluctant peasants were herded into bleak "fortified" villages that were in fact insufficiently protected because they were too hastily built. Meanwhile the Red guerrillas, who were supposed to be starving in the no man's land outside the hamlets, managed to live well enough off the land. Henceforth, the plan is to see that all existing villages are really defensible and more pleasant to live in, with new schools and dispensaries.

As the conference adjourned, the war in South Viet Nam was proceeding fitfully. New, aggressive commanders reported several successful attacks against the guerrillas, but in the delta the Communists still seemed to have the initiative. Vietnamese officers and many of

their U.S. advisers claim that because of Diem's military mismanagement, the coup came just in time to keep the Communists from gaining complete control of two disputed provinces close to Saigon. This may or may not be true, but the argument offers a built-in chance to blame Diem later, in case things should go seriously wrong.

No More Siestas. In Saigon, Lieut. General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, the head of the ruling military junta, rode about almost unnoticed in a black Citroën (in contrast to Diem's vast motorcades), visiting a few government offices and military units. He also opened promising negotiations with Vietnamese sects that had withdrawn support from Diem but were not ready to rally to the new regime. But while still clearly favored by the population, the new regime seemed oddly reluctant to assume political leadership. One of its few decisions: to abolish the siesta that has traditionally closed government offices for 2½ hours each afternoon. Despite the mournful yawns of civil serv-

ants, the new decree enables peasants and rural officials to complete their business in the capital earlier and return home safely before dusk, when the Viet Cong start harassing traffic on all the roads radiating from Saigon.

CAMBODIA

"Balance of Menaces"

A chubby little man in a dark king suit strode into the sports stadium of the steamy Cambodian capital of Phnom-penh (pronounced Nom-pen) last week, mounted the platform, and began haranguing the assembled crowd in a whiny, high-pitched voice. The speaker was Prince Norodom Sihanouk, neutralist, mercurial ruler of Cambodia, and he had called the rally to announce in effect that the U.S. was working to undermine his regime. Turning theatrically to the throng, Sihanouk asked whether the national honor did not demand that Cambodia reject any future help from the Americans. When his subjects roared obedient approval, the Prince ordered "So be it."

Sihanouk might change his mind again, as he has before. In a formal note to Washington, he called for a halt to all American economic and military aid, which in the past eight years has amounted to \$366 million. And so the U.S.—already striving to save war-torn South Viet Nam and "neutral" but tottering Laos from the Reds—faced another mess in Southeast Asia.

Shaken Neighbor. What was ailing the Prince? A suspicious, emotional, French-educated descendant of Cambodia's medieval Khmer kings, he once performed slapstick parts in movies (which he produced himself) and has often played slapstick politics. Friends seriously reported last week that two contributing reasons for Sihanouk's bad mood might be that 1) he had been crash-dieting to lose 15 lbs. in ten days, and 2) the U.S. transferred a former military advisory chief with whom the Prince enjoyed playing volleyball. The Prince himself accused the U.S. of sup-





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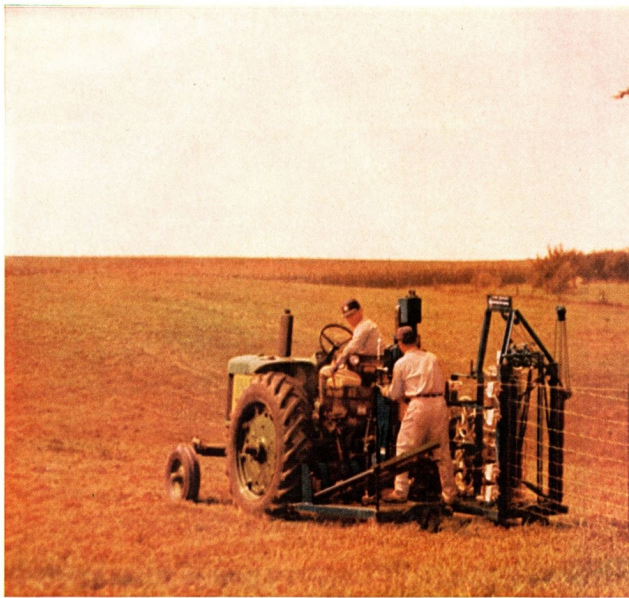


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porting a clandestine radio, on South Viet Nam soil, run by the Prince's political opposition (the U.S. denied the charge).

But, above all, the Prince talks of the "inevitability" of Communist China's takeover of Southeast Asia, hence may be trying to save himself by cozying up to the Red dragon. What precipitated his latest performance could well have been the overthrow and assassination of his late neighbor, South Viet Nam's Ngo Dinh Diem. Although Sihanouk and Diem were bitter enemies, the Prince was shaken by Diem's death and attributed it to the cutoff of Diem's American aid. Possibly determined never to get himself on the same vulnerable spot, Sihanouk moved quickly to lessen his dependence on the U.S.

Opening to the Seine. For all his eccentric behavior, Sihanouk has also sometimes proved himself a shrewd politician. Since independence from France ten years ago, he has jailed home-grown Communists and wooed his red-hot young leftist critics into the government—while at the same time maintaining warm relations with Russia and Red China. Sihanouk last week performed another typically slippery gyration. Instead of rushing right into Peking's arms, he turned to his old colonial tutor, France, and asked her to help replace U.S. aid. Said the Prince: "For our country, liberated from the U.S. and which the Communist powers do not wish to take in charge, it could be the hour of France."

The invitation was another potential opening for Charles de Gaulle, who wants to wheel and deal in the area of France's old Indo-China empire (the keeps suggesting a "neutralized" Viet Nam, hinted last week that France may establish diplomatic relations with Communist North Viet Nam). But whether Paris will fill the gap to be left by the elimination of a \$30 million annual U.S. dole remains to be seen. France has been supplying Cambodia only one-tenth the U.S.'s contribution, mostly to maintain a 300-man force training the Cambodian army.

At week's end the Prince climaxed his perplexing theatrics by calling in the press corps, delivering a meandering monologue interspersed with giggles. Proudly, he announced that Red China had offered him military support. "I think I have achieved a balance of menaces," he said. "The menace of the imperialists and their lackeys is counter-balanced by the menace of Communist China, our No. 1 friend." But he indicated that he would have only four Chinese civilian advisers and no Chinese military advisers: "Everywhere in our army there will be only one power helping us—France." Added the Prince: "I do not like to be a satellite. I like to be free." Serving champagne all around, he urged the correspondents to drink up because (jokingly referring to impending austerity) "in a few months I won't be able to offer champagne."

COMMUNISTS

Nikita & the Other Cheek

As Peking's People's Congress met in secret to hear the latest word on the status of the Sino-Soviet feud, among other topics, Communist China cut loose with one of its most scathing personal attacks to date on Nikita Khrushchev. In simultaneous articles, *Red Flag* and *People's Daily* accused him of paralyzing the Russian armed forces, of kowtowing to the capitalists—and of sounding too holy by far. "It is clear," said the Chinese, that "in spite of Khrushchev's Bible-reading and psalm-singing, U.S. imperialists have not become beautiful angels. They have not turned into compassionate Buddhas in

boss, the husky, bushy-browed Soviet President displayed the common touch. Waving a glass of vodka at a Soviet Embassy reception, Brezhnev gaily shouted "Down with protocol and long live freedom." The performance did little for protocol but even less for freedom. For a royal banquet at Golestan Palace, Brezhnev specified in advance that proper dress would be a business suit (the Empress appeared in a filmy black gown, without her tiara). He visibly caused raised eyebrows at one dinner by licking his fingers after heaping caviar on a slice of toast. Riding through the streets of Teheran in a gilded coach, Brezhnev defied custom when he turned his back on the Shah in his eagerness to wave back to crowds shout-



EMPRESS FARAH, BREZHNEV, THE SHAH & MRS. BREZHNEV
Caviar with the common touch.

spite of his prayers and incense-burning." In short, said Red China, Khrushchev is "a laughing stock."

The blast may well open a new rift between Moscow and Peking, even though the Kremlin has been relatively restrained in recent weeks. For as Khrushchev once asserted: "There is much in Christ that is common with Communists. But I cannot agree with him when he says that when you are hit on the right cheek, turn the left cheek. If I am hit on the left cheek, I hit back on the right cheek so hard that his head might fall off."

IRAN

Neither Protocol Nor Freedom

For years Soviet transmitters beamed a propaganda barrage against neighboring Iran, including appeals for insurrection against Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. These days Moscow's line is more seductive than destructive. In Teheran on a state visit last week, toasting the health of "Your Imperial Majesty," was the titular Soviet Chief of State, Leonid I. Brezhnev, one of Nikita Khrushchev's most promising protégés.

Like a road company version of the

ing *Zindehd Rafiq* ("Long Live the Comrade").

As for the comrade, he had reason to cheer too. A year ago the Shah assured the Kremlin that Iran, though a charter member of CENTO, would not allow U.S. missiles to be based in the country (none had been there in the first place). As Iran shares an uneasy 1,500-mile border with the Soviet Union, Washington could hardly protest. Since then Iran has accepted all kinds of Soviet economic aid, including breeding facilities on the Caspian Sea for 3,500,000 sturgeon, which will put it in a better position to compete with Russian caviar. Just before Brezhnev's visit, the Kremlin's East European satellites offered \$160 million in easy credit.

When the Soviet President addressed a joint session of the Majlis last week, he confidently cooed that "at present, no clouds of misunderstanding darken the relations between Iran and the Soviet Union." But even as Brezhnev spoke, excited deputies whispered the latest news: 18 miles inside the Iranian border, three Soviet jets had shot down an unarmed Iranian plane on a photographic mapping mission for the Shah's land reform program, killing the Irani-

an surveys. Unaware of the incident, amid cold stares from his audience, Brezhnev droned on, demonstrating once again the perils of what the Kremlin calls peace.

IRAQ

Until the Next Coup

For a while last week it seemed impossible to tell who was up and who was down in Iraq. Perhaps the principals themselves were not sure.

Two weeks ago, the Baath Party (TIME, Nov. 22) seemed firmly in control. The country's non-Baathist President, Field Marshal Abdul Salam Aref, seemed a mere figurehead, kept on for his prestige and popularity. Then an internecine conflict erupted between Baath's anti-Western, anti-bourgeois and anti-Aref radical wing and a more conciliatory moderate faction. Rushing in from neighboring Syria, the Baath Party's home base, the party Central Committee under Michel Aflak appeared to settle the matter by exiling the leaders of the opposing factions.

Although Syrian-dominated, the party leaders took charge in Iraq, placed Aref under palace arrest and turned Baghdad over to the National Guard, a Baath-led outfit for which the regular army has contempt. When the Baath bosses overconfidently released Aref a few days later, he promptly joined with angry fellow officers to head a coup.

At dawn one morning last week, the army attacked Baghdad with six infantry battalions, supported by armor, artillery and jets. Though the National Guard had no heavy weapons, they fought desperately, lost hundreds of men. Three days after the revolt, Baghdad was in Aref's hands.

Since the Baath Party is Nasser's arch-enemy, the coup was at first hailed in Egypt as pro-Nasser. It was also denounced in Syria as anti-Baath. Both conclusions may be premature. The coup looked more like a military than a political affair, designed to purge Iraq of Baath elements who had had the temerity to downgrade the army in favor of the National Guard. Though he packed the Syrian Baath leaders off to Damascus, Aref included in his new Cabinet nine moderate Baathists.

Still, the Middle East being what it is, Aref may well join with Nasser, an old friend, to overthrow the Baath leadership in Syria. Even more likely, the Baath leadership will try to overthrow Aref. Just about the only certainty in the situation is that there is bound to be another coup, in Baghdad or in Damascus, if not both.

JAPAN

Vote of Confidence for Ikeda

Japan's new election regulations severely limit campaign activities, but the country's politicians are masters at circumventing the rules. Faced with a \$7,000 limit on campaign expenditures, many a candidate in last week's general

elections simply followed an old practice of having contributions funneled through "research institutes." Since candidates were restricted to three posters each (v. the previous limit of 12,000), many "accidentally" dropped cards, complete with picture and slogan, in telephone booths, department stores, bars and buses. On rainy days, one aspirant even had his campaign workers approach commuters and hand out armloads of umbrellas; when they were opened, the candidate's name spread out in huge characters painted on the umbrella surface.

For all the uproar over procedures, the election amounted to an important



PRESIDENT AREF
Power for a figurehead.

vote of confidence for procapitalist, pro-Western Premier Hayato Ikeda, 63. The Socialist opposition zeroed in on the nagging inflation that has accompanied Japan's phenomenal economic boom. Economist Ikeda, whistle-stopping across the nation, retorted that incomes have risen 52% in the past three years, while prices have risen only 14%. At a Kyoto rally, he asked: "Which do you think is better? The Socialists' advocacy of dividing three eggs among four people? Or Ikeda's policy of dividing eight eggs among four people?"

On election day, amid the shriek of sirens that reminded people to vote, Ikeda's Liberal-Democratic Party won control of the 467-seat House of Representatives for another four years, although the government's 283-seat total fell three short of its share in the old House. The Socialists gained seven seats for a total of 144. The more moderate Democratic Socialists picked up nine additional seats, for a total of 23.

CONGO

Reading the Russians' Mail

A couple of Soviet diplomats got the kind of treatment in the Congo last week that many other countries have often wished but not dared to mete out to Red envoys.

Almost from the day of the Congo's independence in 1960, the Russians and their satellites worked doggedly to destroy what little stability the country had in hopes of getting a Communist faction in control. Expelled en masse after the demise of erratic Patrice Lumumba, the Reds began filtering back into Leopoldville last year, notably to the towering eight-story apartment building that is both embassy and residence for Soviet Ambassador Sergei Nemchina and his 100-man staff of operatives. Two of Nemchina's most important aides, his slim, fair embassy counselor Boris Voronin and stocky, bushy-haired Press Attaché Yuri Miakotnykh, have developed especially close contacts with extremists opposed to Premier Cyrille Adoula's moderate regime. Miakotnykh worked hard to penetrate the trade unions and left-wing student groups, even lobbied in the corridors of Parliament.

Tug of War. What worried the government most was the close contact of the two Russians with a plotting exile group led by Lumumba's former Party Chief Christophe Gbenye, who made his headquarters across the Congo River in the ex-French Congo capital of Brazzaville.

One day last week, when Voronin and Miakotnykh drove down to the river bank, known as "le Beach," for the ferry ride over to Brazzaville, Adoula's cops decided to stop them on the way back and find out what they had been up to. Surrounding their car at the landing stage, Congolese police insisted on a search. With a shrug, the Russians opened the trunk, then let them look in the front and back seats.

But Voronin was clearly determined not to give up his briefcase, and hugged it to his chest as he and Miakotnykh got back into the car. To make sure the Russians did not try to start the engine and speed away, the police let the air out of their tires, then pulled open the doors and began a tug of war with Voronin's legs, yanking his shoes off in the process. As they pulled, Miakotnykh clung just as fiercely to Voronin, until at last, both men were dragged out feet first, relieved of the briefcase and heaved unceremoniously into a pickup truck. When one of the Russians tried to stuff a document inside his shirt, a Congolese guard ripped the entire front of his shirt off.

Out in the Rain. With that, the prisoners were driven off to a military camp outside Leopoldville, and the contents of Voronin's briefcase were taken to police headquarters. Sure enough, claimed the government, among them was a letter from Gbenye to the Russians asking for 5 billion in counterfeit



TRANKEI YOUTHS

Congolese francs to be used to under-
mine the Congo's currency, and another
document requesting arms, tape records
and "other espionage equipment." One
of the letters bore teeth marks, as if
a Russian had tried to swallow it.

To put an abrupt stop to such Soviet
activities, squads of Congolese police
were rushed to cordon off the Russians'
apartments, and inside, the Russians
suddenly discovered themselves without
telephone service and without electric-
ity, which meant they would have to
swelter in the heat without air condi-
tioners and do without cookstoves. Two
Czech diplomats who drove up to the
gate were arrested and forced to stand
outside most of the night in a tropical
downpour.

From Moscow came an angry de-
mand for the release of the prisoners,
who, according to Izvestia, had been
arrested by police led by "American
advisers." Ignoring the protest, Adou-
la's agents next morning swooped down
on the hotel room of another suspected
Communist troublemaker, the newly ar-
rived correspondent of the Soviet news
agency Novosti, hustled him off to a
cell. He was later released, but by
week's end, the two Russian diplomats
were put aboard Europe-bound planes.
Usually hesitant Premier Adoula re-
jected his Cabinet's recommendation
that diplomatic relations with Russia
and Czechoslovakia be severed immedi-
ately. But he did order Ambassador
Nemchina to pack up and get out of
the Congo within 48 hours and take the
entire 100-man staff with him.

SOUTH AFRICA

Whose Country?

For a nation dedicated to white su-
premacy, the voting in South Africa last
week had an unaccustomed look. Black
women with red-ochered faces fumbled
with cumbersome 2-ft.-sq. ballots. Their
men, looking a little baffled by the
whole business, streamed up to register
their votes for a Transkei parliament.
It was the first step in Prime Minister
Hendrik Verwoerd's plan to "solve"



BANTU HORSEMAN

Advertisements for hollow self-rule.

South Africa's race problem: the for-
mation of black "self-governing" re-
gions called Bantustans, where all of
South Africa's 11 million natives, ex-
cept for a few million needed as labor
for the whites, are to be herded into
remote and undeveloped reservations.

Transkei, where the first Bantustan
legislature was being drawn, is a Den-
mark-sized plot of rolling land along the
Indian Ocean coast, which for years has
been largely ignored by the whites. It is
farm land that through Bantu overpopu-
lation has been victim of overgrazing
and erosion. Without heavy capital in-
vestment, it cannot support many addi-
tional people. Since the gold mines and
industry of the white man's Orange
Free State and Transvaal are far more
alluring, there is precious little chance of
anyone's investing anything much in the
Bantu's boondocks.

Preparing the election in this un-
promising region (seven other similar
reservations are planned), Verwoerd's
police flocked into the Transkei to set
up sentinels at each of 1,100 polling
stations. And to the illiterate electorate,
word had already gone out about which
candidates the government favored.
Ironically, Verwoerd's choice was a
black racist named Kaizer Matanzima,
48, a suave, handsome attorney, who
says: "All the whites must leave the
Transkei. This is our country." His op-
ponent: wise, wizened Paramount Chief
Victor Poto, 65, who does not want to
see the Transkei's small (16,000) white
community forced out, wants to set up a
multiracial regime: "I am grateful to
God for a Christian attitude to all mem-
bers of the human race."

In any case, Verwoerd's widely ad-



MATANZIMA

POTO

Whites for a black racist.



NATIVE MAIDEN

vertised self-rule for the native regions
is largely hollow, since his government
will retain control over the police, de-
fense and foreign affairs. All legislation
proposed by the Transkei's new all-black
assembly will first run the gauntlet of
numerous tame, government-appointed
chiefs, and after that is subject to the
veto of Verwoerd's own officials.

GREAT BRITAIN

Another Tory Setback

Dundee, a dour, slum-ridden indus-
trial city (pop. 182,900) on Scotland's
east coast, is famed for its marmalade
and maverick politics. It has sent only
two Tory M.P.s to Westminster in 131
years, and in 1922 threw out Winston
Churchill, then a Liberal, in favor of
the only Prohibitionist ever to sit in
Parliament. In 1959 the Labor Party
only managed to hang onto Dundee by
714 votes, and so, in last week's by-
election, the Tories had hopes that the
impact of a new, Scottish Prime Minis-
ter might help to defeat Labor. Instead,
the government suffered another set-
back. The progressive Conservative can-
didate, a popular lawyer, lost to his
Laborite opponent, a trade-union offi-
cial, by 4,955 votes, a Tory drop of
8.8% from the last general election.

Part of the outcome was caused by
purely local issues (example: recent
government proposals to lower protec-
tive tariffs on jute, which would jeop-
ardize an industry that employs 20% of
the city's work force), and the loss was
not as sharp as the Tories' recent defeat
at thriving, middle-class Luton. But the
Tories were painfully aware that they
have little time to reverse Labor's gains
before elections, probably next spring.

One of the most popular Tory lead-
ers, elfin-faced, effervescent Viscount
Hailsham, last week followed the ex-
ample of former Lord Home, signed
away his titles and became the Right
Honorable Quintin Hogg. Leaving the
"political ghetto" of the House of Lords,
he will probably be elected to Com-
mons from St. Marylebone, a solidly
Tory, London constituency. "Lord Hail-
sham," said he, "is dead. God bless
Quintin Hogg."

PEOPLE

Into New Delhi after a 50-day, 4,200-mile "march on wheels" through India came 65 members of the Moral Re-Armament Movement. At their head was **Rajmohan Gandhi**, 28, grandson of the Mahatma. Only 13 when his grandfather was assassinated, the tall, handsome Indian first felt the pull of M.R.A. while in Edinburgh as a cub reporter on the Scotsman. Since then he has been working for the movement in South America, the U.S., Japan and Europe. "Now I am ready to tackle my own country," says he. And would Mahatma approve? "Very much. There is as great an urge for a moral cleanup in this country as there was a passion in his day for political freedom."

Queen Elizabeth is. The Duchess of Kent is. Princess Alexandra is. In Britain these days, it's the royal way to be



TONY & MEG
In a royal way?

—pregnant. And Princess Margaret, 33? Meg and Hubby **Anthony Armstrong-Jones**, 33, aren't talking. They're just dancing the evenings away at gala balls and such. But public and papers alike have decided that those adoring looks mean that Meg is, too. Ah well, if they keep repeating the rumor for long enough, sooner or later it will be true.

The *Social Register* it's not, and it's spicier than *Who's Who*. What the new version of the *Celebrity Register* is, says its movie-credit-like cover, is "an Irreverent Compendium of American Quotable Notables edited by **Cleveland Amory** with **Earl Blackwell**." Ringmaster Amory, who killed society, has now set about celebrities, and when in doubt on what to say, he has dropped back and punned. Marlon Brando is "the all-time tempest in a T-shirt." Tommy Manville is "an altar-ego." Eva Gabor is "strictly from Hungary." Alfred Hitchcock is the "star of staged screams

and television." And Elizabeth Taylor is "a million-dollar crybaby in a wife-and-men spent store." Whew. That took four years to write?

He is old enough to be her grandfather, but sly is hardly the word for the pace he sets. After four months of marriage, **Joan Martin Douglas**, 23, reported that she could keep up—just barely—with Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, 65. "I'm taking vitamin pills," confessed the jurist's third wife. "Some people wondered how my husband would keep up with me, but I can't think of a minute when he isn't doing something constructive, speaking, writing, hiking or putting up storm windows." Hiking was the toughest part: "I'm all right for an hour or so, then I get tired." Added Joan brightly: "There is too much chitter-chatter about age these days."

'Twas the week 'fore Thanksgiving and at ABC

The execs were all grousing about their turkey.

The show had been hung by the ratings with care,

But Clown **Jerry Lewis** was still on the air.

Seems viewers with knitting or maybe nightcap

Watched anything else, or just took a nap.

So laying a finger on each side of their noses

The execs said three more—and then the show closes.

It had cost \$40 million, a lot for a fizzle.

Plus what they paid Jerry to cool off his sizzle.

Still the clown no doubt thought as they drove him from sight:

"Happy Nielsen to others. I just had a bad night."

"Blood is thicker than politics," lifelong Republican **Elmo Mennen Williams** once said by way of explaining her unwavering support of her Democratic son, former Michigan Governor and current Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs **G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams**. And when the will of the Mennen toiletries heiress was probated after her death at 80 of a heart attack, it turned out that blood was thicker than charity, too. Noting that she had made frequent charitable contributions in her lifetime, she left the bulk of her \$1,000,000 estate to her three sons and nine grandchildren. All real and personal property (including her Grosse Pointe Farms home, books, antique furniture and jewelry) goes to the sons, and her stock in the family-owned Mennen Co. will be divided equally to form trust funds, the principal of which will be turned over to each grandchild at 28.



Is the '64 Buick Wildcat really wild?

This is the new Buick Wildcat convertible. Also new from Buick Motor Division: Special/Stylark/LeSabre/Electra 225/Riviera



... the wildest!

And how! Its terribly impatient V-8 whips up 325 hp with no strain. (We also breed Wildcats with 340 and 360 hp for a little extra cost.) Then, you can choose from three tough new high-performance transmissions . . . 3-speed synchromesh, 4-speed synchro floor-mounted stick shift,* or the spectacular new Super Turbine 400 automatic*—all with awesome thrust and much smaller gas appetites. Other Wildcat virtues? Smart new styling, bucket seat interiors,* choice of four new models and . . .

*Optional at extra cost.

above all, it's a BUICK!



THE NEW CARON DERRINGER

— loaded with fatal shots of perfume —

With this small golden purse-sized weapon you persuade your victim by aiming at yourself. At first one ear. Then the other. At each eloquent place where your pulse throbs. The Derringer is so cleverly small you can conceal it almost anywhere, and use it, unceremoniously, right beneath your victim's very nose. Choose your Derringer filled with the decep-

tively innocent *Fleurs de Rocaille* (Flowers of a Rock Garden), the spicy scent of *Bellodgia*, both \$5.00 plus tax; or the darkling insinuation of *Nuit de Noël* (Christmas Night), \$6.00 plus tax. Possessing the Derringer bears with it the same responsibility of possessing any lethal weapon. With fair aim, and even vaguely proper circumstances you may get caught.

RELIGION

PROTESTANTS

Spreading the Word

If a spoken language can be reduced to type, the American Bible Society will do it. In association with other groups, the Society manages to publish Holy Writ in well over 600 tongues. By itself, it spreads the word in 299 languages and dialects. Its simple method is to devise, if need be, a phonetic version of spoken dialects, thus producing a useful tool for missionaries. For the Society's single-minded function is to supply enough forms of the Bible to make that book comprehensible to any human being anywhere.

In the Congo, a missionary can hand out excerpts from the Gospels printed on glossy paper in the Tshibula dialect and illustrated with grainy photographs of local scenes. In Valladolid, an illiterate Spaniard can hear a dramatic reading of *Mark 5:21-43* played on a record. On the island of Mindoro, a Filipino farmer can scan a Bible in Tagalog.

On the Finger-Fono. All this scriptural activity flows from a paneled, portrait-hung board room on Manhattan's Park Avenue, headquarters of the Society. Founded in 1816, its first president was Elias Boudinot, a New Jersey Presbyterian who served as president of the Continental Congress. In 1819 it began supplying Bibles, New Testaments and extracts to overseas missionaries, and as of 1962 the grand total distributed had reached over 624 million, in languages and dialects ranging from Apache to Zulu.

Since 1835 the Society has provided Scriptures for the blind in both the Braille and Moon systems, and since 1944 it has produced a 83½-hour recorded version of the Bible. Its Finger-Fono system plays scriptural extracts on a lightweight plastic player whose turntable is spun by a finger-powered lever. But mostly the word is spread by the Society's volunteer workers and colporteurs, hawkers of Holy Writ who carry Bibles, pamphlets and records by donkey and jeep, camel and subway in 123 different countries.

No Word for "Worthy." Partly supported by 55 Protestant denominations, each with its own interpretation of Scripture, the Society must by its own constitution hew as closely as possible to the original meaning "without note or comment." Inevitably, however, some of its translations have to ride roughshod. In the Maquiritare language of Venezuela, translators discovered, there is no word for "worthy." So in translating *Mark 1:7*, they changed one passage to read: "After me comes one who is greater than I. I cannot remove his sandals because he is greater than I." The Venezuelan tribesmen took the sentence literally, visualized Christ as a man of such giant stature that John could not remove his shoes.

Last week at the annual meeting of the Society advisory council in New York, the Society began gearing up for its biggest push. As a major member of the United Bible Societies, it is participating in a worldwide drive to treble the annual circulation of Bibles, Testaments and extracts during the next three years. Currently, about 50 million copies are distributed annually. Of the 150 million goal set for 1966, the American Bible Society will contribute 75 million—more than double the number it distributed last year.

ECUMENISM

Catholics & Jews: How Close?

"What was good in Jesus' teachings was not new," runs an old Jewish saying, "and what was new was not good." This basic conflict between Judaism and Christianity lay at the heart of two skirmishes last week in Rome and Chicago.



NELSON GLUECK



MAURICE EISENDRATH

Does one reassessment deserve another?

Both were triggered by the Vatican Council's agenda chapter on Jews.

Proposed by German-born Augustin Cardinal Bea, the "Jewish Chapter" reflects Bea's concern over the way the Nazis were able to misuse Christian beliefs in oppressing Jews. By absolving the Jewish people of the sole responsibility for Christ's crucifixion, the chapter, Bea believes, would remove the key theological rationale for such pogroms. In itself, this aspect of the chapter could only meet with approval from most of the council members.

Moslem Music. At the same time, it raised other problems. They found voice among the Middle Eastern patriarchs of Eastern Rite Catholicism, whose hierarchies are at best weak minorities maintaining delicate balance between antagonistic Jews and Moslems. "If we take the matter up, we shall have to face the music," warned Stephanos I Sidarous, Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria (and neighbor of Nasser).

But Bea and his chapter appeared to be in a strong position: Pope Paul VI

was reportedly angered when Radio Cairo cited *The Deputy*—a West German play that accuses Pope Pius XII of tacitly approving Hitler's anti-Semitism—as evidence that Catholics share Moslem hatred of the Jews. To Paul, the Jewish chapter appears opportune. Though the chapter is being used politically by both Arabs and Israelis, both Bea and Pope Paul have been assured that there will be no overt repression of Christians in Arab lands.

Judaism's Response. If Bea's chapter makes a gracious bow to the Jews, what should be the Jewish response? That question came under painful scrutiny last week in Chicago at the Biennial General Assembly meeting of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the central body of Reform Judaism in the Western Hemisphere. U.A.H.C. President Maurice Eisendrath seemed to offer an ecumenical balm of his own. "Interreligious understanding is not a one-way street," he said. "What about our Jewish attitudes toward Christendom, toward Jesus especially?" Eisen-

drath called for a reassessment of Christ's role as a rabbi—a role that many Jews do not accept.

Eisendrath quickly came under attack from Dr. Nelson Glueck, president of Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion and a leader of the Reform Jewish academic community. In a closed-door session of the board of trustees, Glueck delivered a scathing, ten-minute rebuttal accusing Eisendrath of trading off a re-examination of Jesus in return for the Vatican Council's reassessment of anti-Semitism. Eisendrath's remarks, he said, made it seem "as if American Reform Judaism were prepared to put Jesus in a central role as a great rabbinical leader."

At the root of the controversy is the extreme sensitivity of Reform Jews to criticisms by Orthodox Jews that Reform Judaism is just a steppingstone to Christianity. But Eisendrath denied he had any such trade-off in mind, nor would his re-examination relate to anything more than "the man Jesus, not to Christ, his Messiah-ship."

MEDICINE

HEMATOLOGY

Saved by Her Own Blood

Lila Mauldin, 26, Albuquerque housewife and mother of three, was always short of breath; she got tired in no time. Diagnosis of her trouble was easy enough, and last spring she went to Denver's National Jewish Hospital for an operation to correct mitral stenosis—a narrowing of the valve inside her heart, between its upper and lower left chambers. Without such an operation, Mrs. Mauldin was not likely to live long. But the N.J.H. surgeons found they could not operate because Patient Mauldin would need transfusions during surgery, and she had rare, unmatched blood: type A (common), but with a subfactor known as R_2 (uncommon) and two other mysterious subfactors which, together, would destroy any blood that she might receive by transfusion. Reluctantly, the N.J.H. surgeons sent Lila Mauldin home.

Then the surgeons remembered a recent report in *Surgery, Gynecology & Obstetrics* on the use of a patient's own blood for transfusions. They decided that Mrs. Mauldin would be the perfect subject for such autotransfusions. Back in Denver early this month, she gave three pints in five days, on a low-salt but otherwise normal diet. "That's pretty fast," says Dr. William Bormes, "but we wanted the blood as fresh as possible." Only four days after her third "donation," Mrs. Mauldin went on the operating table. Dr. Bormes opened her chest, slipped a tiny, fingertip knife into her heart, and opened the leaves of the bumpy valve. The only transfused blood Mrs. Mauldin got was her own three pints. Said she later: "When I came in here, I was thinking to myself, 'I won't get to raise my children.' Now I know I will. I feel fine."

With her rare blood, Patient Mauldin was a special case. But even for most patients, with common blood types, au-

totransfusion is the best possible source of blood. By far the safest thing for anybody to have flowing through his arteries and veins is his own blood. With it, there can be no mismatching, which carries a risk of serious or fatal illness. When an operation can be scheduled a few days to three weeks in advance, and the patient is not severely anemic or debilitated, he can usually serve as his own donor.

A team of surgeons at Chicago's Augustana Hospital has been using autotransfusion for more than two years, with excellent results and no ill effects. The possibility was discussed as long ago as 1883. Autotransfusion remains a relative rarity, says a leading transfusion authority, because "too many doctors still don't know about it. Also, some are lazy—they won't take the time and trouble to explain the advantages to the patient, and get him into the hospital to have the blood drawn. But autotransfusion saves the patient's money, and may save his life."

RESEARCH

How to Handle Stress:

"Learn to Enjoy It"

The mid-20th century, with its jet-speed travel, its population explosion and its threat of nuclear annihilation, has been widely touted as "the age of stress." Last weekend a dozen of the world's top authorities on all kinds of stress got together in a symposium at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. Their conclusion: today's stresses differ from yesterday's more in kind than in degree. More important, they said, stress is good for you. In fact, it would be hard to live without it.

"Poor Sanctuary." Most of the conference could not even define stress. But Physiologist Stanley J. Sarnoff of the National Institutes of Health supplied a paradoxical definition: "Stress is the



DRS. SELYE & WHITE

A little is good, more is not better.

process of living. The process of living is the process of reacting to stress." Key points by other speakers in support of this view:

- **PHYSICAL STRESS**, no matter how severe, cannot harm the heart unless it is already seriously diseased or has an inadequate blood supply, said Cardiologist Paul Dudley White. The same goes for arteries, veins and capillaries. Furthermore, the heart and blood vessels do not merely tolerate an abundance of regular physical exercise; they thrive on it. Many cardiologists, said Dr. White, still doubt that emotional stress by itself can actually cause heart disease, either directly, or indirectly through the nervous system. But he granted that if the heart is already damaged, emotional upsets may put an unbearable strain upon it. There is no question that emotional stress aggravates high blood pressure and arterial damage, and may, as a result, become an indirect cause of death.

- **PSYCHIC STRESS** is probably no more severe now than in the days of the stagecoach and the highwayman, said the University of Michigan's Neurophysiologist Ralph W. Gerard. "It is not long ago that a man, leaving the small safety of his home in the morning, ran considerable risk of being robbed or assassinated by ruffians, or jailed or executed by his rulers, before he could return to it. And the home itself was a poor sanctuary from starvation and disease, from pain and privation and death." Things are better now, even for the underprivileged, in much of the world. But it is a case of new stresses being substituted for old. Because there has been "an explosion of expectations," there will be "again a stressful period of adjusting to the abundance of goods."

- **MENTAL STRESS** is good for the mind, Dr. Gerard added: "Activity of the nervous system improves its capacity for activity, just as exercising a muscle makes it stronger."



DOCTORS WITH PATIENT MAULDIN
Giving is as good as receiving.

Is It an Antidote? Some kinds of stress may even be antidotes for the harmful effects of other kinds, and the symposium considered an example in the flesh. Montreal's Dr. Hans Selye, who has made a career of studying stress, appeared on crutches and explained that he had broken his hip by falling out of a maple tree "while following the advice of Dr. White to get more exercise." Dr. White shot back: "Perhaps the fracture that I sustained in a softball game 25 years ago has protected my heart up to now, and I would like to ask Dr. Selye whether he thinks his fracture has protected him from a heart attack." Dr. Selye could not tell: all he knew was that he has never had a heart attack.

Though a little stress is good, it is obviously not true that more is better. Intolerable stress leading to suicide will kill more than 19,000 in the U.S. this year, said Harvard Psychiatrist Jack R. Ewalt. And probably as many more will die in undetected or unreported suicides. Whether such intolerable stress damages the heart and arteries, as well as the mind, is now being investigated in New York City, said Dr. White. Medical examiners are comparing the amount of atherosclerosis they find in men who have committed suicide with that in men killed in accidents.

It all added up to Dr. Selye's apothem: "One cannot be cured of stress, but can only learn to enjoy it."

MENTAL ILLNESS

A New Classification And a Greater Hope

If anyone is in a position to assess the problems of U.S. psychiatry today, it is Kansas' Karl Augustus Menninger. He was a co-founder and has long been chief of staff of the Menninger Clinic, the world's most famed hospital for the mentally ill and its most fertile field for psychiatrists in training. He has interpreted psychiatry to the laity in such noted books as *The Human Mind, Man Against Himself*, and *Love Against Hate*. Now, in *The Vital Balance* (Viking: \$10), Dr. Menninger not only spells out what he thinks is wrong with psychiatry; he also supplies some prescriptions for immediate relief. Much of the trouble, he says, is a hangover of hopelessness from the bad old days. Another, and even more important problem, says Dr. Menninger, is psychiatry's basic error of attaching too much importance to naming and labeling.

Radical Thoughts. Dr. Menninger came by both his iconoclasm and his optimism early in his career. As a student at Harvard Medical School he reproached his psychiatry professor: "What's the use? You give nearly every patient the same diagnosis, dementia praecox, and the treatment seems to be merely committing them to the nearest state hospital." That was in 1915, and only three years later, at Boston Psychopathic Hospital, the young Dr. Men-

ninger found that "dementia praecox" had already gone out of fashion; the new label was "schizophrenia." But under any name the condition was still considered hopeless. Then, says Dr. Menninger, who had been moved by the inspired teachings of Ernest Southard, "we began to think in a heretical way . . . that perhaps schizophrenia was not so malignant as we thought but a process that might in some instances be reversible. These were radical thoughts in those days. Mental illness was not supposed to go that way."

Back in Topeka with his physician father, and soon joined in their clinic by Younger Brother William (TIME cover, Oct. 25, 1948), Karl Menninger began what has proved to be a fruitful lifetime of thinking radical thoughts and making sure that mental illness goes "that way." At 70, he remains an apos-



PSYCHIATRIST MENNINGER
Many patients get weller than well.

tle of hope; he feels that all victims of mental illness are treatable and that most can make a good enough recovery to go back to their homes and jobs. If more psychiatrists and other physicians had a more hopeful attitude, they would give more effective help to more patients. After treatment, Dr. Menninger insists, many patients are better than ever before in their lives—"weller than well."

Troublesome Names. But mental illness still defies a simple, pat definition, which is one reason why its various forms have been given so many different labels. To Dr. Menninger, a psychoanalyst, the trouble is that even his fellow professionals seem to see magic in a name: "Giving a name to something implies acquaintanceship with it . . . a degree of mastery over it." In psychiatry, a collection of thousands of names has not come close to conferring mastery.

"We propose," he says, "that all the names so solemnly applied to various classical forms and stages of mental illness be discarded."

As a replacement, Dr. Menninger suggests something: skillful diagnosis. "But this means diagnosis in a new sense, not the mere application of a label. It is diagnosis in the sense of understanding just how the patient is ill and just how ill the patient is, how he became ill and how the illness serves him."

Obviously, even a Columbus of the mind needs some rough concept of latitude and longitude, so Dr. Menninger supplies a breakdown of degrees of mental illness by five levels, in ascending order of severity:

- **NERVOUSNESS**, "a slight but definite disturbance of organization, a slight but definite failure in coping."
- **INCREASED DISORGANIZATION**, marked by "painful symptoms," which "sometimes pain the environment almost as much as the patient." It calls for "expensive tension-reducing devices" on the part of the patient. The devices may range from crazy-clean tidiness to untidy drinking. Such illnesses have recently been called "neuroses" and "neurotic syndromes."
- **REGRESSION**, which is characterized by the escape of "dangerous, destructive impulses" leading to "outbursts, attacks, assaults and social offenses."
- **DISRUPTION OF ORDERLY THOUGHT** as well as of behavior. "These are . . . the 'lunacies' of our great-grandfathers, the 'insanities' of our grandfathers, the 'psychoses' of our fathers."
- **ABANDONMENT OF THE WILL TO LIVE**, "an extremity beyond 'psychosis' in the obsolescent sense." A penultimate step to suicide.

From stage three on, almost all mental illness is likely to require some hospitalization. But Dr. Menninger refuses to dismiss any of the conditions, no matter how severe, as hopeless. Under his direction, Menninger Clinic psychiatrists use everything from a pat on the head to drugs, to talk-it-out therapy and all-out psychoanalysis. Only rarely now do they use insulin or electric shock.

Though he snorts at psychiatrists' traditional jargon, Dr. Menninger cannot refrain from performing some involved semantics of his own. He has coined the word "disorganization" for the state of mental patients' minds, because the Greek prefix is milder than the Latin in "disorganization." And though he and his co-authors, Psychologists Martin Mayman and Paul Pruyser, do not go so far as some extremists who argue that all mental illness is a myth—a social disturbance and not a disease in the medical sense—Dr. Menninger concedes that it takes a lot of words to define what he really thinks it is. "In a sense," he says, "this entire book is an extended definition of the new view of mental illness"—a view that sees a wide spectrum of "disorganization" from which everyone suffers at some time and in some degree, and from which nearly everyone can be helped to recover.

GIRARD PERREGAUX

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THE LAW

TRIALS

Redefining Insanity

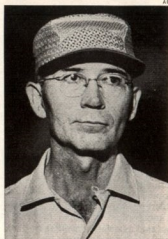
The jittery, harmless-looking little man in steel-rimmed spectacles was accused of murder, and he had long since confessed. Now, after four days of testimony and five hours of deliberation, the jurors had reached a verdict. They found the defendant, Howard Pierson, 49, not guilty by reason of insanity. Thus last week in Austin, Texas, ended a murder trial that had been delayed for 28 years while the State of Texas waited, with inexhaustible patience, for Howard Pierson to recover his reason.

Pierson's belated acquittal was likely to contribute to a legal controversy that has raged for more than a century: What to do with the criminal who is not mentally responsible for his crime? Pierson had shot his father and mother one April night in 1935 and, after briefly protesting his innocence, he admitted the murders and his motive. His parents, he said, stood in the way of his plan to save mankind by means of a "cosmic-ray microscope" of his own conception. He showed no contrition.

Oversimplified. In dispensing justice in such cases, the law generally relies on a time-tested decision. In England in 1843, a Scotsman named Daniel M'Naghten, fancying some grievance against England's Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, shot and killed the Prime Minister's secretary by mistake. Fifteen British magistrates agreed that M'Naghten did not understand the "nature and quality" of his act—in short, could not tell right from wrong while committing the crime—and was therefore insane. Instead of going to the gallows, the daft Scot went to an asylum.

The M'Naghten Rule, as applied to the criminally insane, has guided the hand of justice ever since. But in increasing number, lawyers and judges are wondering whether justice needs a better guide. Says Psychiatrist Bernard L. Diamond, a member of a commission appointed by California Governor Pat Brown to study the state's criminal insanity laws: "A person who is so mentally ill that he doesn't understand right from wrong would be a drooling idiot incapable of action." In the last century, psychiatric medicine has amplified man's understanding of mental illness to such a degree that the M'Naghten Rule's oversimplified definition of insanity is scarcely any definition at all.

An enlightened age has set about redefining insanity for legal purposes, and can claim modest progress. In 1954, a Washington, D.C., killer named Monte Durham was declared not guilty, not because he could not distinguish right from wrong, but on the larger ground that a criminal should not be held culpable if "his unlawful act is the product of a mental disease or defect." The so-called Durham Rule, or something like



HOWARD PIERSON
Sane and free after 28 years.

it, has since entered the law of several states (Maine, Vermont and Illinois). By necessity, such progress takes place at a deliberate pace, as the law weighs the possibility that any change in the criminal insanity codes may open inviting new escape hatches for the dedicated law breaker.

Penalties in Time. But modernizing the law may involve more than modernizing the definition of insanity. In many states, court procedures governing the criminally insane are also being overhauled. After Howard Pierson's 1935 confession, he was brought to court, not to determine whether he was deranged while committing his crime, but to decide first whether he was mentally competent to defend himself against a charge of murder. The court ruled that he was not.

Ironically, Texas criminal law changed more rapidly than did Howard Pierson's mental health. Since his commitment to the state hospital in Austin, the state has enacted a new statute. Under the new law, Pierson's insanity at the time of the murder would have been determined by a jury at a preliminary trial. Had that jury decided as the jury did last week, Pierson would not have been tried again.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

The Frontier Is Up

Who owns the moon—lovers and songwriters, or the first nation to establish a base there? Who pays damages if one country's space capsule crash-lands in another's biggest city? May political propaganda be beamed to earth from space? Or TV commercials? When the U.S. orbits a reconnaissance satellite, are the Russians entitled to knock it out if they can, like another U-2? If space explorers meet a race of intelligent non-humans, how are men and bug-eyed

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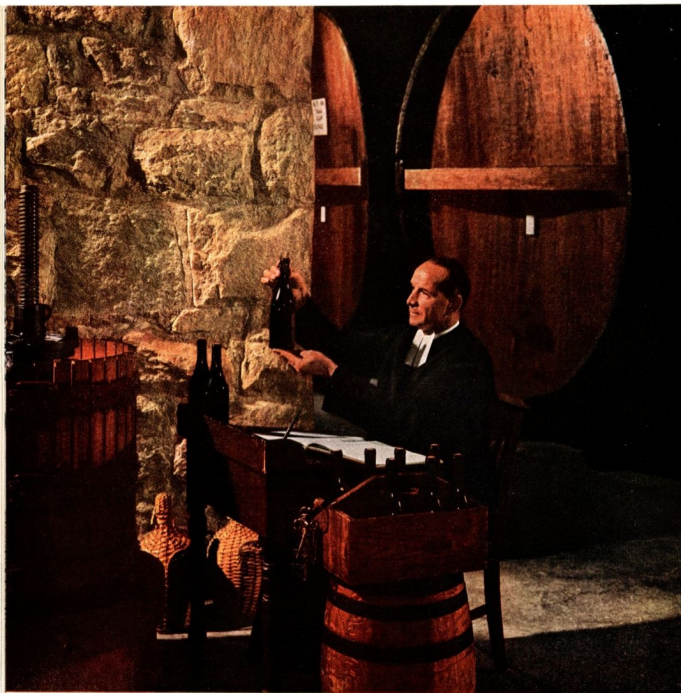
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monsters to live together under the rule of law? Such questions were once the specialty of science-fiction writers; lately they have become the serious concern of lawyers and diplomats.

Open to All Mankind. With no space cases to set precedents, legal theorists are scratching hard for down-to-earth parallels to these no longer far-out problems. The most compelling comparison is to the law of the high seas—as a pair of massive new books on space law make clear. In both *Space Law and Government*, by Andrew G. Haley (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$15), and *Law and Public Order in Space*, by Myres S. McDougal, Harold Lasswell and Ivan A. Vlasic (Yale, \$15), maritime law, which has grown out of the common consent and reciprocal needs of seafaring nations, is described as one of the most effective, enforceable varieties of international law. With its emphasis on trade and fisheries, maritime law offers convenient models for legal control of whatever resources are found in space.

Most important, the maritime law doctrine that the seas are open to the use of all mankind explains how to avoid the insoluble problem of extending into space the exclusive right of each nation to the air above it. Sovereignty extends upward as far as the hunter's weapons can reach, suggested Dutch Jurist Hugo Grotius in 1623, and allowing for the extra zip of modern musketry, today's pragmatic solution turns out to be much the same. Perhaps the most practical cut-off line is suggested by Lawyer Haley, who also happens to be an ex-president of the American Rocket Society. Haley argues that a nation's airspace is best defined by the altitude (about 50 miles) at which the atmosphere becomes too thin to provide further aerodynamic lift to aircraft. Professor McDougal and friends demur. They prefer to leave the law flexible, to let it grow with a growing accumulation of cases.

As for "advanced forms of nonearth life," the scholars emphasize the need for setting a law-abiding example. They make a sobering reminder of European excesses during the conquest of the newly discovered Americas. Any four-eyed visitors from Epsilon Eridani might well turn out to be ahead of mankind in technology, say the space lawyers; earth may yet become someone else's new world to colonize.

First Enactment. Though they have yet to be put to use, in some respects the new law books have already been superseded. Last week the U.N. Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space approved a resolution that was agreed on beforehand by the U.S. and Russia. The resolution states that no nation can claim sovereignty over the moon and planets; that states are liable for damages their space vehicles cause; that an astronaut who makes an emergency landing will be promptly repatriated along with whatever remains of his space ship.

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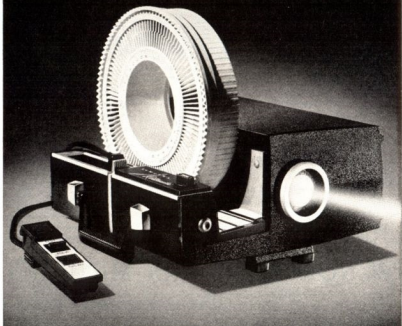
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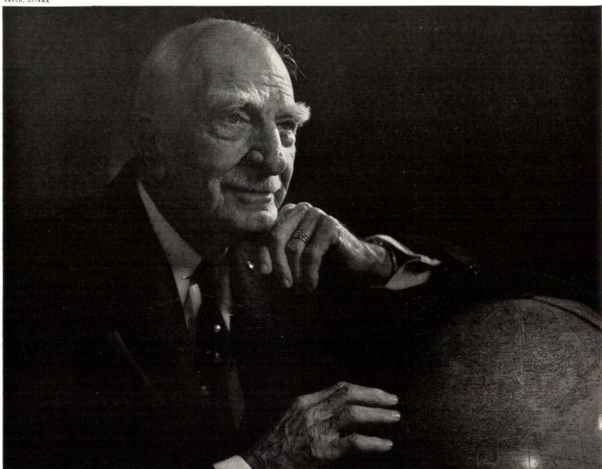


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OVER THE YEARS, I've known a lot of men who thought they had a good estate plan. Looking back, I see very few of them did.

"In light of this, I have a suggestion: put yourself in your executor's shoes.

Read your will, then read it again. List your assets and liabilities.

"If you're like most men, life insurance will be the major part of your estate. But is there enough life insurance? Is it the right kind and is it used most efficiently?

"Consider state and federal estate taxes, college for your children, living expenses for your wife, business obligations, personal loans, or a mortgage...all of these needs can be handled ideally

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SCIENCE

GEOPHYSICS

Chunks off the Moon

The earth and its nearby partner the moon live in an orderly neighborhood; only at vast intervals, millions of years apart, is the area blasted by trouble. Then a giant meteor, perhaps a wanderer from the asteroid belt between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, streaks into range. If it happens to hit the earth, it blasts a crater many miles across, sometimes melting nearby rock and spewing out slaglike material called impactite. If it collides with the moon, the crashing meteor produces glassy objects called tektites, which many scientists believe are knocked out of lunar craters, solidified in space and dropped on earth.

High-level argument about tektites and impactites has hung on for years, but at last week's New York meeting of the Geological Society of America, Drs. Robert L. Fleischer and P. Buford Price of General Electric Co. produced some of the first hard facts about them. Using a new dating method, the G.E. scientists proved that most tektites were formed either 34 million, 15 million or 700,000 years ago, and that known deposits of impactites have the same three ages.

Damaged Spots. The General Electric dating method, which was developed with Air Force backing, depends on the fact that nearly all rocks, including tektites and impactites, contain small traces of uranium. The uranium atoms split at a slow, known rate and the fission fragments damage the glassy material in which they are embedded. The damaged spots are microscopic, but they can be made visible by a special etching technique. When they are carefully counted and compared with the amount of uranium present, those spots tell how long they have been accumulating and the date when the rock solidified.

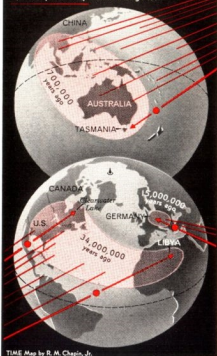
The G.E. scientists tested their new dating system on tektites found in Canada and the U.S. All proved to be 34 million years old. Impactites from the Clearwater Lake crater in northern Quebec and from far-off Libya have the same age. Other tests show that tektites found in Czechoslovakia pair up with impactites from an ancient meteor crater in Germany. Both are 15 million years old. An impactite from Tasmania is 700,000 years old, the same age as tektites found in Australia, Indonesia and Southeast Asia.

Three Hits. Why should tektites and impactites have the same ages? One explanation, think Fleischer and Price, is that when very large meteors hit the moon they do more than splash out molten moon-rock that falls to earth as small, harmless tektites. They also detach large chunks of the lunar crust heavy enough to blast craters and form impactite when they hit the earth's surface. This has happened, the scientists

LUNAR SHOWERS

Meteors from Moon—produced impactites on Earth

Tektites—produced by meteors hitting Moon



think, at least three times in rather recent geological history. And they suspect that a lot of moon-stuff will be found on earth as soon as fellow scientists figure out how to identify it.

PHYSICS

Foxhole for Neutrinos

One of the Tanganyikan delegates to the U.N. was duly exercised. The U.S., he said, was plotting with South Africa to test atom bombs. He had read all about it in the newspapers.

Whatever he had read, Khari R. Baghdadli had obviously not understood it. And no reasonable man would suspect the U.S. of joining South Africa in any international hanky-panky. Still, rumors about atomic weaponry have a habit of swelling rapidly into dangerous controversies. U.S. Representative to the U.N. Adlai Stevenson wasted no time in pointing out that the only scientific experiment now scheduled to involve both the U.S. and South Africa has nothing to do with bombs: it will be a delicate and determined effort to detect some elusive particles of matter.

Rare Events. The experiment will generate no atomic blast, but if it pays off it may have an explosive impact on the new and booming subsistence of neutrino physics. Neutrinos are little-

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known particles that have no mass of their own and no electric charge. They have nothing much except energy; they interact hardly at all with known kinds of matter. They are generated copiously in the centers of stars, and they slip out into space and pass right through any stars they happen to hit. It has been calculated that a stream of neutrinos could pass through 10 billion earths without being absorbed.

This elusiveness makes neutrinos hard to deal with. Though scientists have been convinced that the particles exist, they were not directly detected until 1956 when Physicists Frederick Reines and Clyde Cowan Jr., of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, set up a monstrous apparatus near the Atomic Energy Commission's Savannah River reactor, which looses vast floods of neutrinos. A few times each hour while the reactor was running, the detector registered an "event." This meant that a single neutrino, out of many billions of billions per second, had actually hit something.

Now there are newer and better detection systems, but neutrinos are still fantastically hard to catch. Dr. Reines, who landed the first ones, is in charge of the South African work. The site was chosen because a deep mine was needed to screen out cosmic rays, which would interfere with the experiment. India has such a mine, but the Indians wanted to boss the experiment themselves. Reines turned to South Africa where the University of the Witwatersrand offered him an unusual laboratory: a gold mine near Johannesburg shielded by 10,492 ft. of solid rock.

In this snug foxhole, Reines will assemble a vast neutrino trap, designed at Cleveland's Case Institute. Even the most powerful cosmic rays do not penetrate to the depth of the gold mine, but the entire universe is believed to be swarming with neutrinos that will be deterred not at all by two miles of rock. Some of them are believed to carry unusual amounts of energy, and these fat neutrinos should be easier to detect than leaner ones.

Ashes of Creation. Part of the Reines apparatus will lie in wait for fat neutrinos. Another part will have several hundred square yards of scintillation counters to watch for mu-mesons generated by neutrinos that hit particles in the rock surrounding the mine. On the earth's surface these neutrino-induced mu-mesons are almost impossible to identify because of confusion caused by cosmic rays.

Physicists believe that neutrinos are extremely important in the affairs of the universe. There are four kinds already known, and there may be more. They may be the "ashes" of ordinary matter, or they may have something to do with the creation of matter. The deep-down experiment in South Africa may place them at the very center of man's understanding of physics.

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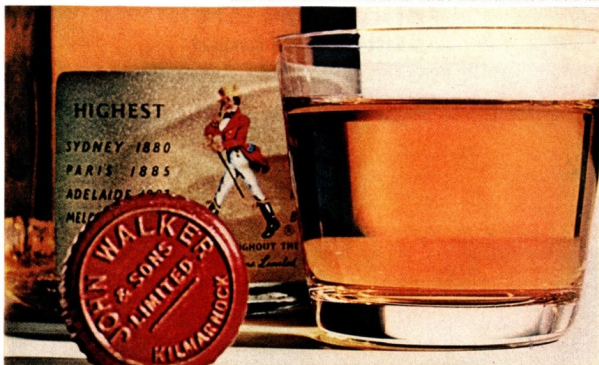
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SPORT

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

As the Pros See Them

From end to end, the starting line averages 239 lbs. per man. The fullback runs the 100 in 10 sec. flat, and he is only the third fastest man on the team. The four backs, between them, have accounted for 25 touchdowns. It is the best college football team in the U.S.—but it exists only on paper. All season long, perched in some remote corner of the stadium, immune to the blare of the band and the frenzy of the fans, the professional football scout sits with notebook and binoculars, looking for tomorrow's men among today's boys. Last week, as they prepared to back their choices with cash (and lots of it) in the annual players draft, the scouts of both professional leagues took time out to compile their dream team of the nation's top prospects. TIME's proposed 1963 All-America:

• **QUARTERBACK:** Roger Staubach, 21, Navy, 6 ft. 2 in., 190 lbs. At first, the pros were lukewarm about Staubach (TIME cover, Oct. 18). "He's a scrambler, a rollout quarterback," said one. "He doesn't play the pro game." But 1,738 yds. and 15 TDs later, Roger is the No. 1 choice of 17 out of 22 pro teams. Says Coach Buddy Parker of the Pittsburgh Steelers: "For his position, the best college player I've ever seen." The "hook" on Roger: "Very accurate, shifty, strong, great peripheral vision, unmatched at hitting secondary receivers. A pro quarterback." There is one catch: Staubach may never play pro ball. He has another year to go at Annapolis and four more in the Navy. Signs one pro scout: "It's too bad we can't get him married off so he'd have to quit the Academy." Muses another: "Maybe he's got flat feet?"

After Staubach, who? In the year of the quarterback "it's a tossup," says one scout. Nevertheless, the majority choice is Southern Cal's Pete Beathard, 21 (6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs.). "A winner all his life," reads a report. "Capable of throwing the bomb." Scouts fret that Miami's George Mira, 21 (5 ft. 11 in., 180 lbs.), may be too small, but he will be a high draft choice ("He'll have a lot of money waved in his face"), as will Boston College's Jack Concannon, 20 (6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs.), "a Paul Hornung-type back."

• **HALFBACKS:** Mel Renfro, 22, Oregon, 6 ft., 195 lbs.; and Paul Warfield, 20, Ohio State, 6 ft., 178 lbs. "The days of the pony back are over," says one scout. "And by pony I mean everyone weighing much under 200 lbs. With these big defensive lines, you have to run big, fast bull elephants." Oregon's Renfro is just what the zoologist ordered. He runs the high hurdles, is a 9.7-sec. dash man, plows into tacklers "with reckless abandon and no regard for his personal safety." Ohio State's Warfield will have to put on pounds, but he is "the complete pro prospect—with the instinctive sav-

vy to do the right things and be in the right places." Pittsburgh's Paul Martha, 21 (6 ft. 1 in., 184 lbs.), is almost certain to be drafted in the first round as a flanker or a defensive halfback.

• **FULLBACK:** Joe Don Looney, 21, no college, 6 ft. 1 in., 225 lbs. A peripatetic athlete who visited briefly at Texas, Texas Christian and Cameron State Junior College, Looney was on the Oklahoma first-string at season's start; then he slugged an assistant coach in practice and was summarily booted off the team. But Looney is a fine punter, a devastating runner, and obviously aggressive enough for the pros. The scouts' second choice: Jim Grisham, 20 (6 ft. 2 in., 211 lbs.), the current Oklahoma fullback.

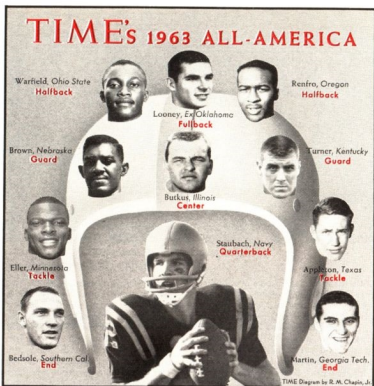
• **CENTER:** Dick Butkus, 20, Illinois 6 ft. 3 in., 237 lbs. One rave notice: "Only a junior, but a very strong, hard-nosed, mean, nasty kid. Has an insatiable appetite for hitting people." Best on defense, Butkus would play defensive tackle as a pro. On offense, the pros like Texas Christian's Ken Hanson, 20 (6 ft. 6 in., 255 lbs.), and Holy Cross's Jon Morris, 21 (6 ft. 3 in., 225 lbs.). The report on Morris: "A great player on a team that has no spring practice and schedules schools that do. Whatever the logic in that is."

• **GUARDS:** Bob Brown, 21, Nebraska, 6 ft. 5 in., 269 lbs.; and Herschel Turner, 21, Kentucky, 6 ft. 3 in., 226 lbs. "Pro football is a game of specialists," says one pro scout, "but these days, with so many players getting hurt, you've also got to find someone who can play more than one position." Nebraska's Brown is that someone. On

offense, he leads the interference for a Cornhusker backfield that has averaged 270 yds. per game on the ground—tops in the nation. On defense, he is an agile, wide-ranging guard or linebacker. The pro consensus: "Amazing." Unable to find another guard of pro caliber ("After Brown there is nobody"), the scouts picked Kentucky's Turner—a tackle who gets off so fast after the snap that "he appears to be offside on every play," will be converted to guard to take advantage of his mobility.

• **TACKLES:** Carl Eller, 21, Minnesota, 6 ft. 5½ in., 245 lbs.; and Scott Appleton, 21, Texas, 6 ft. 3 in., 239 lbs. Says a report on Eller: "Tends to be lazy, but seems to play his best games when head-to-head with another outstanding lineman. Can go to 275 lbs." On Appleton: "Great lateral moves and pursuit. Almost impossible to knock off his feet." Also ranked high on the pro scouts' list are two small-college tackles: Buffalo's Gerry Philbin, 22 (6 ft. 2 in., 235 lbs.) and Louisville's Ken Kortas, 21 (6 ft. 4 in., 293 lbs.). "When a kid weighs as much as Kortas," says one scout, "you can't afford to overlook him."

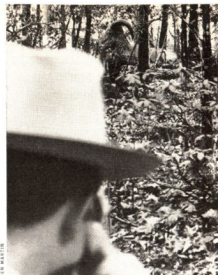
• **ENDS:** Billy Martin, 21, Georgia Tech, 6 ft. 4½ in., 235 lbs.; and Hal Bedsole, 21, Southern California, 6 ft. 5 in., 221 lbs. A heck of an Engineer on both offense and defense, Martin may need surgery for an injured knee, but pro scouts are unworried. "He'll be better than ever," says one. Mercurial Hal Bedsole prompts more concern: "There are reports that he's not a very serious-minded fellow." But, says one scout: "Split ends have to run right up





HOUNDS BAYING BEAR AT HUNTER'S HAVEN

Scoffers call it hunting in the zoo.



SIGHTING AN AODAD

to the defender, spit in his eye, and then beat him running deep. Bedsote has faking ability and the speed to do the job." Texas Tech's **Dave Parks**, 21 (6 ft. 2 in., 193 lbs.), is a two-way player who would probably be switched to safety. And every team has its eye on Baylor's **Lawrence Elkins**, 20 (6 ft. 1 in., 187 lbs.), who is only a junior but tops all college receivers with 57 catches for 750 yds. "If Elkins were eligible for the draft," says one scout, "he'd be my No. 1 end."

HUNTING

Home, Home on the Preserve

Frank Bergin, 26, of Pelham, N.Y., unloaded his rucksack and propped his .30/06 rifle against a tree. He had driven half the night, hiked five miles through the wilderness from the highway. Now for a snooze, and then on with the great bear hunt. A year before, in the same remote Adirondack clearing, he had come across black bear tracks, marked the spot carefully on a map. Came the dawn. Bergin yawned, stretched, looked around—to see twelve equally expectant faces peering curiously at him from behind the trees. Without a word, he rolled up his sleeping bag, hiked the five miles to the highway, drove half the day back to Pelham. "Where's the bear?" asked his wife. Bergin just growled. "What got into you?" she said.

The same thing that gets into most U.S. hunters. There is no shortage of game—just a superabundance of hunters (15 million this year) and a paucity of places to hunt. Wary farmers put NO TRESPASSING signs; creeping asphalt and urban sprawl gobble up more land each year. What open land remains is often overcrowded. Last week in northern Michigan's Ogemaw County, the deer hunter population was 100 per sq. mi. In the East, it is worth a man's life to venture into the woods. "I don't know which is safer," says one hunter. "Wearing a Day-Glo coat or hanging a pair of antlers on my head." So what

does today's hunter do if he wants to bag his game and live to eat it? He heads for a private preserve.

Bears on Horseback. Preserves are nothing new. New Hampshire's 25,000-acre Blue Mountain Forest Inc. was stocked in 1890 with deer, antelope, moose, elk, caribou, and Himalayan mountain goats. Railroad Magnate Austin Corbin chased bears there on horseback with javelins. Today, there are nearly 2,000 preserves in the U.S.—most of them open to anybody with a box of shells and a handful of greenbacks. Some are nothing more than dusty, played-out farms, stocked with a few pheasants and partridges. Others cater to the whims of an affluent society.

At Michigan's Metamora Shoot (members: Henry Ford II, American Motors' Roy Chapin), the "in" uniform is a pair of torn khaki trousers patched with adhesive tape, and the "in" gun is a \$1,000 Winchester 21 double shotgun. A few preserves even have their own aircraft landing strips ("Taxi Right Up to the Clubhouse," boasts California's Hidden Valley Club, favorite retreat of Lawrence Welk and Oilman Earl Gilmore). Wisconsin's Rainbow Springs stocks pheasant, quail, partridge and ducks, offers a 41-room clubhouse, skeet and trap ranges, a swimming pool, ice-skating, and an 18-hole golf course.

Most preserves are too small—and too close to big cities—to stock anything but birds; the next-door neighbor might complain if a high-velocity rifle bullet smacked through his picture window. But at Hunter's Haven, 30 miles from Knoxville, Tenn., nimrods can turn a day away from the office into a full-fledged safari. The Haven's 3,500 unfenced acres border on Great Smoky Mountains National Park and teem with native game: wild turkeys, bobcats, deer, black bears, ferocious Russian boars that can rip a man open with one slash of their 6-in. tusks. And that is not all: Owner "Wolfie" Wolfenbarger, a retired Knoxville restaurateur, has stocked the Haven with big-horned aoudad (wild sheep) from North Afri-

ca, mouflons from Corsica, elk from Canada, sika deer from Japan and red stags from Bavaria. In two days of casual shooting at the Haven last week, three hunters bagged four wild turkeys (average weight: 22 lbs.), three huge boars, a 425-lb. black bear and two aoudads—one with 29-in. horns. Grinned one of the happy trio: "I feel like the last of the Habsburgs."

Rocks & Towers. Purists scoff at preserve hunting ("Like shooting in the city zoo," says a Colorado gunner), and Natty Bumppo would shudder at the way some owners operate. Most preserves bill hunters only for birds and animals actually shot (from \$3.50 for a pheasant, up to \$600 for a European red stag)—so the more killed, the merrier. To accommodate lazy patrons, owners will "rock" pheasants and chukars, tucking their heads under their wings and spinning them around until they are too dizzy to fly properly; some birds are so groggy that hunters have to kick them into the air. At the Fin and Feather Club outside Kansas City, the newest fad is a "tower shoot": hunters form a circle around a 30-ft. tower and pheasants are released, one at a time, from the tower. Some of the birds are banded in different colors, and the hunters contribute to a Calcutta-type pool. Everybody blasts away; a gold band wins 50% of the pool, red gets 30%, blue 20%—black buys the drinks. Other owners let hunters shoot animals from moving jeeps or set out salt licks to lure deer within easy range.

But at preserves like Tennessee's Hunter's Haven, the sport is still the thing. Hunters are warned not to shoot females or small, "nontrophy" animals. Bait is never used, and "still hunting" (stalking) is encouraged. When it comes to pulling the trigger—even against a charging boar—the hunter is strictly on his own: guides carry no weapons except skinning knives and shinny up the nearest tree at the first hint of danger. "We'll help you find your animal," says Owner Wolfenbarger. "But you have to shoot it yourself."

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SHOW BUSINESS

REPERTORY THEATER

West, North & South of Broadway

When Playwright Neil Simon first married, he and his wife Joan moved into an apartment in a brownstone on East Tenth Street in Manhattan. It was four flights up, plus the additional steps of the front stoop. When deliverymen arrived with the furniture, they collapsed on it and sat there for a quarter of an hour with their mouths open and only the whites of their eyes showing.

One piece of furniture was a large single bed. In the Simons' bedroom, it reached from wall to wall. To get to the closet, they had to walk over the bed. It might have seemed more sensible to sleep in the living room, but there was a skylight there with a considerable hole in it, and, in winter, snow frequently came pouring through.

All this sounds more like the start of a successful theatrical comedy than a successful marriage, but it turned out to be both. The marriage has been running ten good years. Neil Simon's comedy, called *Barefoot in the Park*, may run that long too; it is the first and only smash of the present Broadway season and is already sold out through February. With Elizabeth Ashley as his spritely wife and Robert Redford as a rough facsimile of himself, the play precisely duplicates the events, rents and blizzards of the Simons' golden past, with deliverymen reeling into view like sherpas out of shape, and the young couple fighting the plausible battles of youth:

He: Let's discuss it.

She: Not with you in the room.

Seven Caesars. To be sure, the real situation has been embellished. A mysterious, never-seen downstairs neighbor puts nine empty cans of tuna into the hall each morning. Who could be living there? Perhaps "a big cat with a can opener." But most of Neil Simon's funny lines pass the true test of comedy: out of context, they mean nothing; they rise from the fabric of incident.

At 36, Simon has become Broadway's leading comedy writer. His *Come Blow Your Horn* opened on Broadway in 1961, ran for 85 weeks, and has now been metamorphosed into a Frank Sinatra movie. Last year, commissioned by Producers Cy Feuer and Ernie Martin to turn Patrick Dennis' *Little Me* into a musical, Simon got a brainflash, wrote all seven of the major male roles for Sid Caesar, creating one of the season's better box-office draws.

Knit Fireworks. In his private person, Simon is shy, quiet and inconspicuous. But Walter Mitty would be jealous. He is the man who listens unnoticed as the professional party clowns laugh it up, then—in a momentary gap in the uproar—drops a quiet line that tops them all. "Doc" Simon, as he has been called since he used to compete

with physicians in their attempts to diagnose family sicknesses, has been writing jokes since he was in his teens. His father was a dress salesman, and the Simons lived in an apartment in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan. Doc and his older brother Danny were a professional writing team for more than ten years, servicing miscellaneous nightclub and television comics from Phil Silvers to Jackie Gleason.

Eventually they made enough money to move away from home, precipitating



PLAYWRIGHT SIMON

Walter Mitty would be jealous.

the family fireworks that exploded on Broadway and the screen as *Come Blow Your Horn*. "Of the two of us, Doc was always the shy one," remembers Danny. "But the lines were always there whenever we went into a room to write, although everybody always suspected that I was bringing him along for charity. I used to have to swear that Doc was funny."

At Camp Tamiment in the Poconos, Neil and Danny Simon wrote a revue each week for two seasons, and for the first time reveled in the feel of live audiences. Danny soon took off for Hollywood. But Doc stayed behind, bitten by those immediate theatrical laughs. Too security-minded to abandon TV, he went on writing for it—some 40 episodes of *Sergeant Bilko*, a year and a half with Garry Moore. But he used his nights and weekends to write *Come Blow Your Horn*. Then, with \$250,000 rolling in from Hollywood for the movie rights to *Blow Your Horn*, Simon set himself up in a 57th Street office and began working a 7½-hour day. He still does, commuting from his new and airy high-ceilinged apartment on Central Park West, where deliverymen arrive pink-cheeked and puffy and are let in by two little girls.

Simon's ambitions remain modest. "He tries to focus only on the smaller



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problems of the people he knows," says his brother. "That's why people love the people in his plays. They are always done with love and sympathy. Doc never gets mad at anything."

WAY OFF BROADWAY

New Rainier

More and more people are arguing that if classical theater is to be presented with any frequency in the U.S., it must be done at some remove from commercial Broadway. More and more people are doing something about it. From Minneapolis to Washington, San Francisco and Oklahoma City, the list of regional rep companies continues to grow. And in the city that Sir Thomas Beecham once called an "esthetic dustbin," the Seattle Repertory Theater has just begun its debut season.

Permanent Resident. Directed by Stuart Vaughan, 38, who ran Manhattan's old Phoenix rep company for five seasons and earlier spent four as artistic director of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival, the Seattle company opened with a stern and deliberate production of *Lear*, followed a night later by a bizarre and romping turn with Max Frisch's *The Firebug*. The standard of selection, according to Vaughan, is "classics and could-be classics." The remainder of the season will see productions of Anton Chekhov's *The Seagull*, Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning*, and Robert Ardrey's *Shadow of Heroes*. The theater is housed in the white brick and thermopane 800-seat Seattle Center Playhouse built for last year's World's Fair. And people can still whisk out there from downtown, if they like, by monorail.

More than 500 actors tried to get into the group. Vaughan picked 15, including his wife, Helen Quarrier; none are of star rank but all are experienced. "Most of us are making sacrifices to come here," he says. "Our salaries are certainly not high. But I think we all felt the same motivation to try something better." He hopes to stay in Seattle the rest of his life.

Promising Dust. If the new eastern Lincoln Center rep group under Elia Kazan becomes a living monument to The Method, it will at least have a counterbalance on the Pacific Coast. Stuart Vaughan has no fondness for The Method. "It seems to me that nothing exists for the audience if it is not heard or seen," he says. "Far from living the part, the actor's function is to tell the audience of an imaginary person who looks and talks and feels—like this. I hope the main difference an audience will see in our plays is that they seem more real than others."

The advance subscription sale exceeds \$150,000. Seattle businessmen are standing behind the rep company because, profitable or not, they think it will be good for Seattle: "It can become another asset," they say almost in chorus, "like Mount Rainier."



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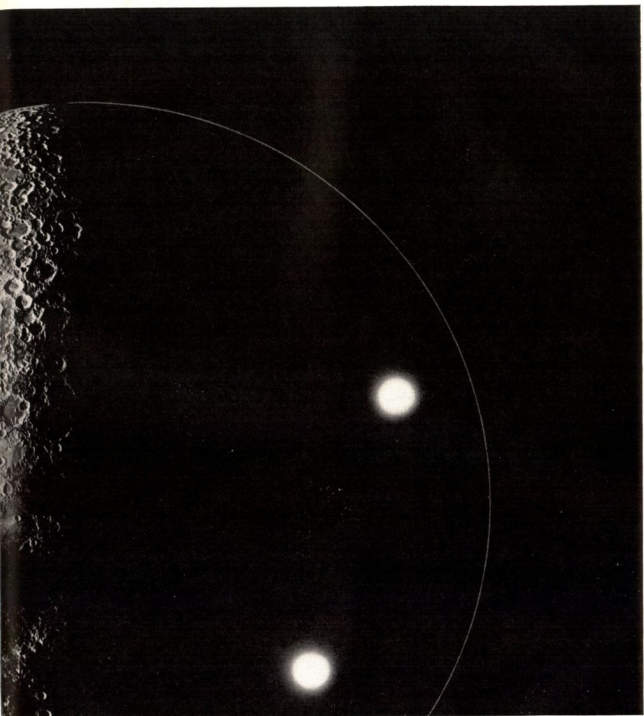
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ART

A Violent Venetian

One wintry night in 1699, in a rain-lashed Venetian tavern, a young artist named Marco Ricci killed a gondolier who had slighted his paintings. Had it not been for this murder, argue some Italian historians, 18th century Venetian landscape painting might never have thrived as it did. To keep Ricci from the law, his Uncle Sebastiano packed the young hothead off to Dalmatia, where the wild landscape inflamed his imagination. After the heat was off in Venice, which took four years, he returned, and his painting began to give new life to the coloristic Venetian tradition that had seemed over with the death of Tintoretto a century before.

Ricci became a much-commissioned, much-traveled painter and a foremost influence on others, but with his death in 1729 his fame ebbed away. In 1933, a major Marco Ricci oil sold for a paltry \$500. Now renewed interest in Ricci has led to a retrospective of 228 of his works at the Palazzo Sturm near Venice, which before closing last week drew a remarkable total of 47,600 visitors. And the \$500 painting has been resold for \$90,000.

Painter Ricci did not, of course, learn all he knew in Dalmatia. Uncle Sebastiano taught him, and he was much swayed by Genoese oils filled with fantastic orgies of intertwined trees. A talented stage designer, he traveled to London to design sets for the Italian opera there. (He could not resist turning out a few wicked caricatures of English operatic rehearsals, so satirical that they were long thought to be by

Hogarth.) He then began painting imaginary ruins, mingling fancy with the realistic landscapes. And this forestate of rococo and romanticism created a whole new genre of painting, called caprices, that came to edge out the *veduta*, or popular views bought mainly by Englishmen gallivanting on the European grand tour as forerunners of today's postcards.

His views of ruins swarm with gloomy shadows and tiny human figures scrambling ignorantly through the broken fragments of a past civilization. So much did he yearn for a picturesque rustic appearance that he painted his temperas on taut goatskins. Again and again he pictured tumultuous storm scenes along the seacoast.

When he was 52, he attempted suicide several times, with a sword by his side so that he would die with the appearance of a knight. Finally he succeeded. But without the Venetian visionary's work, such 18th century masterworks as the airy cityscapes of Canaletto and Guardi, the angel-frosted ceilings of Tiepolo and the imaginary prisons of Piranesi might never have come to grace great museums.

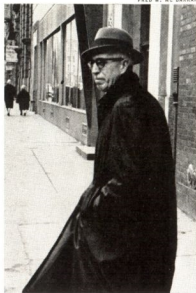
The Aloof Abstractionist

Cantankerous Clyfford Still lives like a hermit, has no dealer, rarely lets anyone buy his work without his personal approval, and as much as possible forbids exhibiting his work in group shows. Now, drawn by the chance to show at the University of Pennsylvania's Institute of Contemporary Art, where he has found a congenial teaching task, Still is exhibiting 32 major oils rarely seen before. They show that at 58 he ranks among the few skilled practitioners of abstract expressionism.

Picked from a quarter century of his production, the paintings comprise Still's life statement, which is roughly that of the DON'T TREAD ON ME FLAG. He has apparently found personal liberty—at the expense of being at odds with the outside world. "I'm not interested in illustrating my time," he says. "Our age is one of science, of mechanism, of power and death. I see no point in adding to its mammoth arrogance the compliment of graphic homage."

Cubism's Alternative. Still was born on a North Dakota farm, got an M.A. from Washington State University. During World War II he drew blueprints; afterward, with Mark Rothko, he drew disciples to the avant-garde California School of Fine Arts, teaching the first serious alternative to cubism in recent art history.

Not until he was 41 did Still have a one-man show. And only a few years later, unlike his close friend Jackson Pollock, he withdrew from what artists not so affectionately call "the arena," or marketplace, to a small farm near



PAINTER STILL
A hermit's freedom.

Baltimore. His living room is floored with linoleum, and an aging DeSoto is parked in front of his garage. Inside is his one known materialist obsession—a lovingly polished vintage Jaguar touring car.

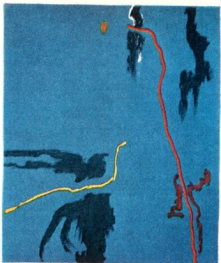
In the late 1930s, Still was given to Freudian imagery—cyclopean-eyed totems and phallic horns. Suddenly in his 1943-*A* (see opposite page), all signs, symbols and literary allusions vanished. Still laid tubes of red and yellow against his surface and squeezed out streaks of lightning. Then he began slathering ever larger canvases with brutal expressions of his own will, great slabs of paint laid on almost as thick as bas-relief.

Sooty Icing. "To be stopped by a frame's edge was intolerable," says Still in characteristically irascible terms. "A Euclidean prison had to be annihilated." He does not frame his canvases because they do not end where his paint does. Some of his best adventures in paint occur close to the edges, where colorful jigsaw puzzle pieces are chopped off as if they had turned the corner into a new dimension. Other oils seem to spread relentlessly outward and upward like aerial photography of an erupting volcanic landscape.

More than any of his contemporaries, Still believes art is an exertion of man's freedom against a hostile world, a machete in the jungle. Such a tool is his latest work shown, 1963-*A*, bristling with black fury like a thunderhead. It is swathed onto raw canvas with his palette knife like sooty icing, with only flecks of lavender and blue to serve a lighter side. It is also a darkling mirror of Still's personality. As he says, "Painting must be an extension of the man, of his blood, a confrontation with himself. Only thus can a valid instrument of individual freedom be created."



RICCI'S "WINTER"
A hothead's fancy.



The Span of Clyfford Still

In paintings that he kept unseen for as long as 20 years in his studio, Still uses forms suggesting the rocky Northwest of his youth. From the lightning-struck turbulence on blue denim of his 1943-*A* (above), he expanded to the massive, earthy 1960-*F* (below). By 1963-*A* (right), he had abstracted 1960's jagged red cascade further into a dark floating force of potential energy.





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"Cal Aggie Spirit," Davis began in 1905 as Berkeley's farm. Ag students went up there, 60 miles north, to practice planting and harvesting. As mass-farming grew, Davis trained managers and technicians; to broaden their education, it opened a liberal arts college in 1951. Then in 1959, to help accommodate California's burgeoning college population, Davis was spun off entirely from Berkeley to become a general university campus.

Davis now has graduate students in 118 fields, from art to range management to thermodynamics. A thriving new engineering college is keyed to California's thriving aerospace industry. By 1965, Davis will boast the world's largest colony of subhuman primates (10,000 animals for biomedical research) and a Big Science cyclotron costing \$2,257,000. By 1970, it expects to have law and medical schools.

With its "Cal Aggie spirit"—corn-fed coeds, boys in cowboy boots, and an honored honor system—rural Davis seems almost anachronistic in the age of urban universities. That is precisely its pitch. "Our isolation is important," says genial Chancellor Emil Mrak, 62, a noted food technologist who used to teach at Berkeley. To justify his \$10 million-a-year building program, Mrak has only to point at California's jammed cities and freeways. Davis appeals as an oasis—part farm, part suburbia—where everyone still knows everyone else. Cars are disdained in favor of bicycles, a 700-lb. pig snuffles outside the chancellor's window, new dormitories will house a comfortable 40 to 60 students, and the human-scale motto is "divide and congeal."

Space to Think. Davis is not about to drop its super-cow-college learning. Foreign students (a high 10% of enrollment) are there mainly for that purpose. California's \$3 billion-a-year farm industry still needs trained talent. But Davis now has more than twice as many liberal arts students as regular



CHANCELLOR MRAK

aggies. Engineering enrollment has jumped 48% in the past year. Like all Cal campuses, Davis takes only the top 12% of California high school students (out-of-staters need a B+ average). One result: a new Phi Beta Kappa chapter. Another: Cal President Clark Kerr's own son attends Davis.

Cal's regents envision Davis as the cultural leader of the Central Valley. The English faculty is adorned with men such as Hart Crane Biographer Brom Weber and Critic-Short Story Writer William Van O'Connor. Music has avant-garde Composer Larry Austin, protégé of Darius Milhaud. Painters Wayne Thiebaud and Roland Petersen help make Davis tops in art among Cal campuses. Drama boasts talented young acting students with a beard or two, and this year's visiting lecturer, Director Joseph Schildkraut, has already staged an excellent *Peer Gynt*. Symbolic of the times, the old Davis livestock judging barn is being remodeled as a Shakespearean theater.

"This place is really on the move," says a recent faculty newcomer from a top Eastern college. Says Critic O'Connor: "I've enjoyed my two years here a lot more than my 14 years at the University of Minnesota. These kids are bright, but they don't have any pseudo sophistication about them. They don't have to act bored." As for their teachers, adds O'Connor, "Here you can really collect your thoughts."

PRIZES

A Rival for Nobel

Q. What is the world's top prize in humanities?

A. The Nobel Prize for Literature.

Q. Who gets it?

A. The world's top writers.

Q. Like Salvatore Quasimodo, Alexis Leger, Ivo Andric and Giorgos Seferis?

A. Huh?

The gentlemen in question—an Italian, a Frenchman, a Yugoslav, a Greek—are the generally obscure writers who won Nobel Prizes (worth \$51,158 this year) between 1959 and 1963. In 62 years of Nobel-picking, the Swedish Academy of Literature has ignored an incredible array of logical candidates—Chekhov, Conrad, Frost, Hardy, Ibsen, Joyce, Sartre, Malraux, Moravia, Pound, Proust, Tolstoy, Mark Twain, Zola—not to mention the glaring neglect of non-European writers, notably in China, India and Japan.



STUDENTS AT DAVIS

TED STRECHINSKY



SOW & CYCLOTRON
"Alfalfa—hey!"

The Swedes need backstopping, and last week a U.S. contender was announced by Colorado's Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies. Next spring the institute will launch a Nobel rival called the Aspen Award—a \$30,000 prize to the one person in the world who "each year makes the greatest contribution to the humanities."

The Aspen Institute, a 7,800-ft. aerie in the Rockies west of Denver, is a non-profit resort for the mind-and-muscle renewal of U.S. leaders in business, labor and government. It is the brain child of the late Chicago industrialist Walter Paepcke, creator of Container Corp. and inspirer of its "Great Ideas of Western Man" advertisements. Now chaired and cheered by Southwest Banker-Rancher Robert O. Anderson, the institute has just elected a renowned resident president: Alvin C. Eurich, head of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education, and inventor of the Aspen Award.

"Anyone can make a nomination" for the Aspen Award, says Eurich, and candidates may be in any humanistic field, such as philosophy or history, as well as literature. Final selection will be made by such eminences as William DeVane, longtime dean of Yale College, Henry Allen Moe, veteran dispenser of Guggenheim fellowships, and Lord Franks, former British Ambassador to the U.S., now provost of Oxford's Worcester College. The goal: "To recognize those creative persons who are contributing most to the clarification of the individual's role and his relationship to society."

LANGUAGES

Parlez-Vous Français?

Languages are the pedigree of nations.

—Samuel Johnson

"The French language is a treasure," cries René Etiemble, professor of comparative languages at the Sorbonne. "To violate it is a crime. Persons were shot during the war for treason. They should be punished for degrading the language."

As purist and patriot, Linguist Etiemble has declared war against *Franglais*, the pidgin French-English that has flooded *la belle langue* with U.S. neologisms. French newspapers speak of *call-girls*, *cliff-dwellers*, *containment*, *fairways*, *missile-gaps*, *upper-cuts*. French sociologists analyze *le melting-pot*, *out-groups*, *ego-involvement*. French business roils with words like

tions use it for airways communication. Jazz teaches it to youth the world over. In emerging Asia and Africa, polyglot people take up English as the only way to comprehend their neighbors. The Chinese Communists speak English in propaganda broadcasts to East Africa. The Russians use it in broadcasts to the Far East, and stamp their Near East exports with the English legend, "Made in U.S.S.R."

Aber No Sweat. As a result, Anglicisms are now weirdly lodged in most major languages. Russian *football* fans cheer a *fourvard's* goal, jeer an *offside* penalty. Western-vowed *stilyagi* (Teddy boys) call themselves *Tom*, *Dick* or *Harry*, and breakfast on *corn flakes*.

In Japan, the mysterious East went West as soon as the G.I.s arrived with *jilpu* (Jeeps) and *gamu* (chewing gum). Every *modan garu* (modern girl) is

was the world's diplomatic language. Only 65 million people now speak it as a first language; less than one-fourth of the U.N.'s 111 member nations still use it in debates. *Franglais* is spreading so fast, argues Parisian Linguist Alain Guillemlou, that U.S. French teachers may soon have nothing to teach. Guillemlou calls for a national commission to police *Américanolatres* on the ground that *Franglais* is not only a linguistic sin but is also "bad for morals."

Guillemlou has a certain point: words are themselves ideas that shape a people's self-image. French purists are thus aghast at the eat-and-run tone of *le snack-bar* as opposed to the civilized Gallic pace of *le café*. The *Franglais* word *teen-ager* is rebellious words apart from the dutiful *jeune fille*. The traitorous notion that "American is the only living language," cries Linguist Etiemble, will lead straight to what he calls, in ironic *Franglais*, "*l'American way of life*."

Linguistic Ellis Island. In the 17th century, France "purified" its language, striving for utmost clarity and "incorruptible" syntax. "What is not clear is not French," boasted an 18th century linguist. Etiemble thus argues that *Franglais* may cause disastrous misunderstandings.

To avoid the worst, Etiemble is preparing a dictionary (*Parlez-Vous Français?*) of French equivalents for Anglicisms. Even where there is none whatever (for Jeep, say), he will insist on French spelling (*Jipe*). Guillemlou is devising a linguistic decompression chamber: a new French glossary with three sections—white pages for acceptable words, red for inadmissible ones, and green pages that "will be a sort of Ellis Island of the French vocabulary. After suitable nationalization, the words may move into the white pages."

Even this seems futile. Language is the greatest smuggling operation in the world. When the French blast *juke-box* as an American atrocity, for example, they might better blame West Africans for the original *Bambara* word, *dzugu* (wicked), which evolved into *joog* (disorderly) in the Gullah language of sea-island Negroes living off Georgia and South Carolina. It is virtually impossible to keep a language "pure." Mustafa Kemal tried it in Turkey, failed for the simple reason that half the Turkish language is borrowed from Arabic and Persian. Mussolini purged Italian of such "foreign" French (but Latin-derived) words as *hotel*, *menu* and *chauffeur*. His so-called "Italian" substitutes—*albergo*, *lista*, *autista*—come from old German and Greek.

And what is French, anyway? A rich ragout of corrupted Latin spiced with Arabic, English, German, Spanish and Greek. Pure French is so scarce that scholars in search of it must look to men like Nicholas Chauvin, a legendary soldier noted for his blind devotion to Napoleon. He at least gave the world a truly French word—*chauvinism*.



ETIEMBLE



FRENCH MAGAZINE AD



GUILLEMLOU

Aux armes, citoyens, contre l'American way of life!

boom, le bass, fifty-fifty, soft-approach and super-market.

Calling for drastic fines against *Américanolatres* (America worshipers), Etiemble estimates that Frenchmen soft on English have allowed 5,000 common Anglicisms (and 30,000 technical ones) to divide Gaul. The august French Academy is so alarmed that it has decided to "unleash an offensive in favor of the defense of the French language." Mounting the barricades, the academy's dictionary commission will prepare a blacklist of "foreign" words that are *impures à la langue*.

Planetary Phenomenon. All this may be the most quixotic war in French history, for English is currently the world's most irresistible language. In two world wars, British and American troops spread it to common people everywhere. The dynamism of U.S. culture and technology has sped the process. Flexible, expressive and relatively simple, English is circling the planet at a phenomenal rate.

Spoken as first language by 250 million people and as a second language by hundreds of millions more, widely dispersed English is becoming the universal tongue of trade, diplomacy, science and scholarship. Pilots of all na-

tion avoid for *nairon sutokkingu* (nylon stockings), the *hittu parado* (hit parade) and the popular magazines *sekuso sutori* (sex stories). In showbiz, which is naturally *fantazikku*, starlets grapple with *ojishon*, *kamera tesuto* and *doreux rihaasaru* (audition, camera test, dress rehearsal). "Aimu sori," says the Japanese businessman as he breaks a *kakuteiru* (cocktail) date with his *garufurendo* (girl friend). He has time only for *hasasaru* (hustle) and greater *puo-dakuchibichi* (productivity).

West Germans have literally translated American expressions, such as *Im gleichen Boot sitzen* (to be in the same boat), and Germanized other words, such as *Beiprodukt*, *brandneu*, *Eierkopf*, *Herz-attacke*, *kalter Krieg*, (byproduct, brand-new, egghead, heart attack, cold war). They assimilate the unassimilable by total adoption—*beatnik*, *baby sitter*, *boot-legger*, *bulldozer*, *king-size*, *scooter* and *stripper*. Hundreds of American words have become German Verbs—*parken*, *twisten*, *hitchhiken*. The Luftwaffe fills the air with bilingual babble: "*Aber no sweat, boy, no sweat. Ich habe normal ledtened procedure gemacht.*"

Linguistic Sin. French zeal to avoid all this is rooted in feelings of national identity. French until recently



What is it that can travel over water, land, mud and ice and may make the wheel obsolete?

It's been called a "GEM" (for Ground Effect Machine). It's been called a "Hovercraft." It's been called an "Air Cushion Vehicle." And it's a little hard to say whether it flies low or rides high.

But Republic Aviation has just concluded a licensing agreement to develop, produce and sell these revolutionary machines that travel on a cushion of air over any kind of surface, wet or dry.

Gas turbine engines provide air cushion

One of the most publicized GEM's already built has done commuter service on a test basis, carrying 24 passengers across Dee Estuary on Britain's North Wales coast, over sandbars and shoals where no boat could operate. Called the VA-3, it's a 4-engine 12-ton version that can handle about 2 tons of cargo. It

hovers 12 inches over the surface on a cushion of air provided by two of its gas turbine engines, while the other two provide propulsion.

A variety of high-speed go-anywhere craft for industry and the military

Similar but more advanced versions of the GEM are expected to operate easily at speeds over 150 mph. Republic's prototype model will be equipped to ride three feet off the surface to clear waves or obstacles, and further development will produce models that can clear six to eight-foot obstacles. Consider then, what the GEM's capabilities might be . . .

- ☐ As a military landing craft, thundering in from over the horizon and right up onto the beach to park and unload—
- ☐ As an offshore oil-rig tender, car-

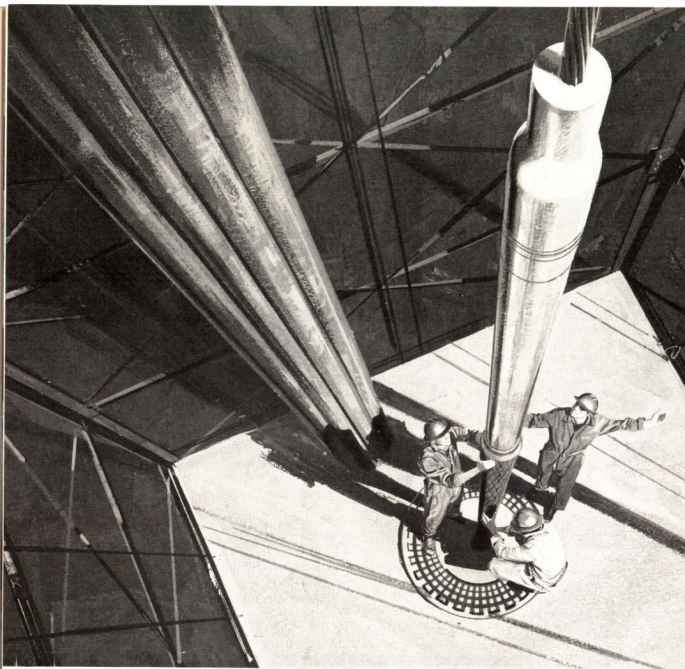
rying drillpipe, supplies and personnel over tidewater marshes, mud flats and open sea with equal ease—and without any dock—

- ☐ As an airport or harbor vehicle for police and rescue work—
- ☐ As a high-speed arctic exploration craft, unhampered by snow or thin ice—
- ☐ As a general-purpose carrier for underdeveloped countries where good roads are few and far too costly.

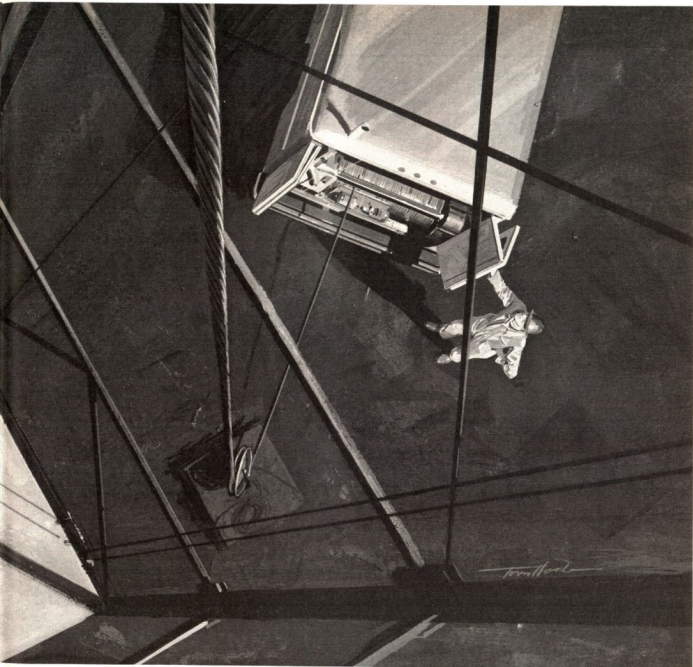
How big a future

As yet, nobody is entirely sure what the GEM's total potential for the future really is. Finding out is a big part of Republic's job. Considering that it took man some millions of years to discover the wheel—and another 7,000 to learn how to do without it—that could be a pretty sizeable order.





How do you get to the bottom of nature's deep,



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It's pretty hard to tell what nature has in its treasure chest, especially when it's oil as far underground as *four miles*.

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THE PRESS

Covering the Tragedy

Never before in history had such momentous news traveled so far so fast. Never before had so many people stood almost immediate witness to a world-shaking event. Within an hour of President Kennedy's assassination, the tragic word had been transmitted to every corner of the earth.

The news went farthest and fastest by radio and TV. In the U.S., all three major networks, alerted by wire service bulletins, set every camera and every newscaster to covering the story of the President's assassination. CBS announced that it was suspending all other programs and all commercials until after Kennedy's funeral on Monday. NBC and ABC made similar announcements but left open the time when they would resume normal schedules.

Center-Screen. Television wasted no time making the most of its advantages over printed journalism, which can hardly match its immediacy or visual impact. Words and pictures reached all the way to Japan, by television signals bounced off the U.S. satellite Relay 1. Even before Lee Oswald was formally charged with the murder, CBS put on the air an Oswald interview taped by a New Orleans station last August. ABC telecast a film taken from inside the warehouse where the killer had knelt; the camera played on a litter of chicken bones. Each moment of the unfolding story flashed before millions of eyes: Jacqueline Kennedy, her suit and stockings still blood-stained, getting into a Dallas hearse with her husband's body; the coffin arriving at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington; Lyndon Johnson speaking haltingly through his first public words as President.

On Sunday, the networks were just set-

tling to the sombre task of accompanying the cortege to the Capitol when they switched to Dallas to record Oswald's transfer to the County Jail. To their own astonishment, they caught instead what beyond all doubt was history's most public crime. The cameras caught everything: the gunman lurching into center-screen, detectives raining down on him and wrenching the gun away, Oswald being rushed to the ambulance, his hand dragging limply along the concrete floor.

Outrage & Loss. Newspapers had their greatest impact beyond television's reach, and there they brought the message home as no transitory broadcast could ever do. In Munich, crowds waiting impatiently for the first editions broke into scuffles when the supply proved inadequate; in Rio, beleaguered news vendors called for police protection. Dailies in South Korea's capital, Seoul, were trapped by a time differential, worked all night with skeleton staffs to publish extras at dawn.

Throughout the U.S., the assassination drove all other news off Page One—and sometimes took over almost an entire paper. Predictably, among the nation's newspapers the New York Times's coverage was unique in its thoroughness. The Times gave its first 16 pages to the story and found room for nearly everything—including a separate appraisal of Lee Oswald's marksmanship as a marine (NOT A CRACK SHOT, ran the questionable headline). The Times assigned 40 men to the story in New York, sent six other reporters winging to the aid of Tom Wicker, who was in Dallas with the presidential party.

The world over, editorials reflected the world's sense of grief, outrage and loss. "The cool, crisp voice is still," said the Boston Globe in a particularly

moving elegy. "The vigor is no more. The last frontier has been passed. A grief inexpressible in words fills the heart of this nation today." The London Daily Mail mourned "a man the world could not afford to lose"; Johannesburg's Rand Daily Mail pronounced Kennedy "one of the greatest leaders of modern times."

All Sinners. "What was the reason?" asked the Salt Lake City Tribune. "Perhaps there was no reason at all. Hatred knows no rules, fanaticism creates its own warped logic." In Detroit, the News found everyone involved in the blame: "Let not the political right look down its pious nose at the political left. Let it not the left sanctimoniously ask, 'Lord, is not I? We are all sinners.'"

But other papers narrowed the search for a scapegoat. "The President's murder," wrote the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, "is partly attributable to the witless fools who, in seeking to tarnish the nation's honor, have besmirched only their own by flying the United States flag upside down." The Jacksonville, Fla., Times-Union took defensive note of the wave of anger that, in the first hours after Kennedy's death, seemed to focus on the far right. The assassination, said the Times-Union, "must not be allowed to become the *cause célèbre* for a witch-hunt against those who, for reasons of principle and honor, have chosen not to follow the line of those in power but who have acted out their part as a 'loyal opposition.'"

That theme, however, was as rare as the position taken by Guatemala City's *La Hora*, which said that the President "was assassinated by those opposed to racial equality. Bobby Kennedy's agitation in favor of civil rights ended in his brother's death." *Tass*, the Russian wire service, peddled a predictable line. "Commentators in Dallas," said *Tass*'s dispatch to Moscow, "are connecting the crime with the activities of ultra-right-wing organizations."

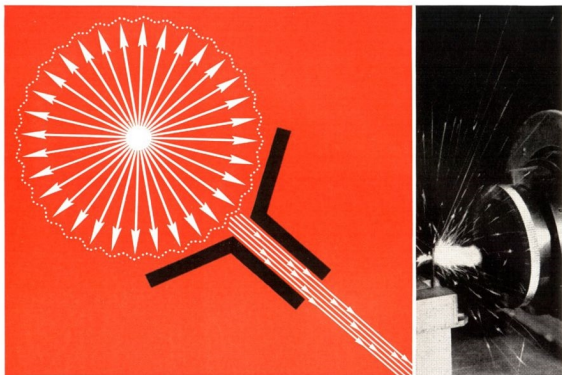
America's Destiny. Beyond the President's death lay the urgent task of carrying on. "It should never have happened in America," wrote the Chicago Sun-Times. "That it did must weigh heavily on America's conscience. And if it brings a reawakening and a real change in the temper of our times, Mr. Kennedy will not have died in vain." As a memorial to the fallen President, the New York Herald Tribune proposed "the resolute determination to see to it that never again should tinder be scattered around that might lead to such an evil blaze." Said the Los Angeles Times: "The assassin's bullet might wound the heart, but it could not still the inexorable beat of America's destiny."

Not Enough Good Men

Time was when the term journalist applied almost exclusively to the man who earned a living by writing for a newspaper or a magazine. Today the aspiring journalist can look in an ever-widening variety of directions. Radio, television, public relations and even



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November 19, 1963

government stand in need of his services, and bid spiritedly against the U.S. press for the newcomer. One reason the bidding is so lively is that there are no longer enough good men to go around.

The manpower shortage is relatively mild in the metropolitan press, but among the nation's small-city dailies, it is nothing short of critical. Traditionally, the little daily got first crack at the fledgling newsman, who found it difficult to start anywhere but at the bottom, and who knew, besides, that he could learn the ropes faster there. Now, however, the new man with any promise at all can bypass a humble apprenticeship. He does not have to start at the bottom—and seldom does.

Two for One. Last year the nation's journalism schools—a standard reservoir of raw material—turned out only 2,900 diplomas. Nearly all the graduates could sort through a fistful of job offers, many from industry—where the salaries were generally more alluring than journalism's \$92. As a result, fewer than half the graduates chose newspapering. And almost none picked up the lower starting salaries offered by most small daily newspapers.

Desperate need has inspired some desperation tactics. The Gainesville, Fla., Times, a daily of 9,258 circulation, pays two \$60 wages to get one man. Each year the Times hires a brace of undergraduates from the University of Georgia in Athens, 35 miles southeast, lets one stay in school while the other works at the paper fulltime. When a semester ends, the two novitiates trade places. In Arkansas, the Texarkana morning Gazette and evening News have tried another tack: hiring women. Today, every other editorial staffer on these jointly owned papers wears a skirt. The Portsmouth, N.H., Herald once body-snatched on a transatlantic scale by placing help-wanted ads in the British press. From 140 replies, the Herald got three new hands. But all moved on within a year.

No System. Where small dailies have teamed together in recruitment programs, they have sometimes achieved modest success. In three years, the Indiana Newspaper Personnel Committee, which invites college and university students in for summertime newspaper jobs, is already paying annual dividends; last June the committee hired 15 graduates as newsroom help. But sometimes such efforts run into apathy. This fall in Wisconsin, when the Appleton Post-Crescent's John Torinus appealed to 35 papers for help in starting a training plan, he got only seven replies.

Many small dailies seem disposed to accept their starvation diet as if it were an ineluctable fact of newspaper life. Says John Murphy, executive director of the Texas Daily Newspaper Association: "The shortage of editorial help is our own fault. We ought to have a better clearing house of information, and closer contacts with the schools. We don't really have any system."



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

The Effects of Change

It was the wildest performance in years on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Caught at their favorite luncheon spots when the news of President Kennedy's assassination reached them at 1:40 p.m., many Wall Streeters left their meals and rushed back through the streets to find the market already besieged with sell orders. Ignoring the firm rule that prohibits running on the exchange floor, traders ran about frantically, bowling each other over in their haste. By the time the board of governors announced the closing of the exchange at 2:07 p.m. (exchanges across the nation quickly followed suit), the Dow-Jones industrial average had plummeted 21.16 points, running up losses of \$11 billion. At week's end the major stock exchanges decided to stay closed on the day of the funeral.

Panic. Such was Wall Street's reaction to the death of the President, and such is the panic that usually grips the financial community when an unforeseen disaster hits the Street. But the market also has a history of quickly recovering such losses—and businessmen of recovering their composure. Shortly after the shock began to ease, both began to appraise how the death of John F. Kennedy, and the succession of Lyndon Johnson to the presidency, would affect the nation's economy. Most businessmen seemed convinced that the U.S. economy is currently too strong to be upset for long by the President's death, and that Lyndon Johnson is not a man who is apt to do anything willful to upset it.

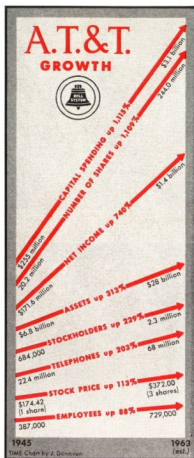
Businessmen view Johnson almost—but not quite—as one of their own, and generally feel that he will be somewhat more conservative than President Kennedy. They know that his family has extensive private holdings in ranching and broadcasting, that he is on friendly

terms with Texas oilmen and other big businessmen, and that he has boosted Texas by using his influence to seek business and to stave off attacks on the 27½ oil-depletion allowance. And it does him no harm in businessmen's eyes that as a U.S. Senator he voted "right" on labor issues less than half of the time by the estimate of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. "I expect," said Socony Mobil Oil Chairman Albert Nickerson, "that he will follow a middle-of-the-road course and be friendly to business."

Strong Base. At the same time, no one really expects Johnson to depart far from the economic policies of the Kennedy Administration. Charles Wellman, president of Los Angeles' First Charter Financial Corp., spoke for many businessmen: "President Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson thought alike on most issues. In a short while there will be a return to the status quo in the economy." Most businessmen expect Johnson to continue his longtime emphasis on expansive defense spending. They also expect him to push a tax cut, and feel that his legislative abilities may improve his chances of passing.

Johnson takes office at a time when the U.S. economy is in ringing shape. U.S. business has been steadily expanding since February 1961—the first full month of Kennedy's Administration. Even without a tax cut, the Treasury expects the gross national product to grow from \$589 billion in 1963's third quarter to \$603 billion by 1964's first quarter. Capital spending, stimulated by new Government tax breaks, has risen 5% this year, to \$39 billion, and is still rising rapidly. Retail sales, housing starts, auto production—all are rising. Last week the Commerce Department announced that personal income made its sharpest gain in 18 months, rising \$3 billion to a record annual rate of \$470 billion. That is a good measure of the prosperity the U.S. enjoyed at the time of John Kennedy's death—and no one is anxious to change it.

OFFICIALS (ON BALCONY) STOP TRADING ON NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE: 2:07 P.M., NOV. 22



CORPORATIONS

Mother Bell's Christmas Present

In a nation that celebrates bigness, they come no bigger than American Telephone & Telegraph Co. It is the world's largest corporation, with assets nearly three times greater than General Motors'. It has more employees (729,000) than Montana has people. Its 2,250,000 stockholders outnumber all the Kansans in Kansas, and the \$863 million they collected in dividends last year was the most ever paid by any corporation anywhere. Last week Mother Bell—as A.T. & T. is fondly called by those who live off her dividends—added another batch of superlatives to her extensive collection.

In one midday announcement, A.T. & T. proposed a 2-for-1 stock split that would increase its outstanding shares to 512 million, twice the number that next-largest G.M. has issued, and announced that in April it will raise its yearly dividend on present shares from \$3.60 to \$4. The company also declared that next year it will spend \$3.2 billion on capital equipment—an alltime high for any corporation and almost 8% of the total that all U.S. industry is expected to spend in 1964. To raise about a third of this planned outlay, A.T. & T. in February and



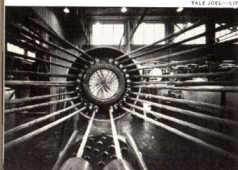
TELEPHONE ASSEMBLY LINE



MICROWAVE ANTENNA



A.T. & T.'S KAPPEL



CABLE-TWISTING MACHINE

Even standing still costs \$800 million.

March will give its stockholders the chance to buy 12,250,000 additional shares of stock. Not surprisingly, that will be the largest common stock offering in history, and more than all U.S. companies combined put on the block last year. A.T. & T.'s unconcealed aim in these maneuverings is to make its stock an attractive buy so that it can raise the capital it needs.

The company's staggering capital-spending program is a solid vote of confidence in the U.S. economy. Yet Wall Streeters—who before President Kennedy's assassination were preoccupied with the lack of a tax cut, a sliding market and a first-class scandal (see below)—greeted the news with relative indifference. A.T. & T. stock soared briefly to an alltime high of 140½, then joined the rest of the market in its downslide, was at 130 when all trading was halted after the assassination. Wall Street is not, of course, the nation, and to millions of small investors across the U.S., A.T. & T. epitomizes the way to a sound stake in the U.S. economy. Anything that Mother Bell does that sounds confidence for the future is ordinarily vastly important to their frame of mind.

Standing Still. The phone company is spending at a record pace because, as Chairman Frederick R. Kappel, 61, says: "Progress depends on building resources to move with, as well as on the will to move." At A.T. & T., all spending is divided into three parts: growth

(future inventions), modernization, and standing still (catching up with present demand). Some \$2,085,000,000 of the '64 spending will go into building exchanges, laying cables and wiring for 1,200,000 new telephone numbers, and stringing more intercity trunk lines and microwave relay stations for direct distance dialing. Modernization to replace operators with dials (the U.S. is now about 98% dial) will absorb \$400 million, and just transferring phones for A.T. & T.'s mobile subscribers will take another \$800 million.

Though A.T. & T. means telephones, Mother Bell nowadays has many children. A.T. & T.'s Western Electric subsidiary last year did \$470 million worth of business with the Pentagon, is the eighth largest defense contractor. It is prime contractor on the Nike series of antiaircraft and antimissile missiles, figured heavily in constructing the ballistic-missile early-warning system, built the communication network for Project Mercury and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's system to direct satellites into orbit. Bell Labs, which discovered the transistor, developed the Telstar communication satellite.

Princess in the Bedroom. A.T. & T.'s main effort, however, still goes into telephones. Of the world's 150 million telephones, more than half are in the U.S.; and Bell, with 68 million phones (up from 60 million five years ago), has 82% of the U.S. phones. The company's intensive \$55 million advertising program has induced Americans to telephone instead of write, to install 24 million extension phones, 20.3 million colored sets, and 2.8 million Princess phones for the bedroom—all at a rewarding extra charge.

The company sells two-way dial phones for cars, air-to-ground phones for airplanes, Data-Phones so computers can exchange information with each other; now it is beginning to market push-button phones to replace the dial. Looking to even more sophisticated telephone service, Bell is installing in Succasunna, N.J., a new electronic switching system that will 1) enable subscribers to use their home ex-

tensions as intercoms; 2) program each subscriber's most frequently called numbers so that they can be reached by dialing just two digits; 3) make it possible to leave word electronically where subscribers will be when they go out, and have calls switched to them automatically.

From Holes Up. The man who runs the world's largest company is the personification of all the steady, efficient, hard-working qualities that make up A.T. & T. Born in Albert Lea, Minn., Kappel (rhymes with chapel) started digging holes for telephone poles in 1924, reached the top spot 32 years later. He is a demanding boss, with a deep sense of responsibility toward the "widows and orphans" who own shares of his company. He split the stock once before, in 1959 (three for one)—a move that helped turn stolid Mother Bell into practically a glamour girl in the eyes of many Wall Streeters. Under Kappel, A.T. & T. became the first corporation to budget more than \$2 billion for expansion in a single year, and it has set new spending records ever since.

A.T. & T.'s earnings have been climbing at a 7%-a-year rate—faster than the U.S. economy as a whole. But Kappel obviously expects this rate to speed up next year. A.T. & T.'s invariable practice is to pay out 62% of its earnings in dividends, and the company will have to step up its profits to match the new dividend increase. The hike will mean a \$1 billion largesse to stockholders next year, \$125 million more than this year.

WALL STREET

\$19 Million in the Hole

Tony DeAngelis, a onetime butcher, made himself a wealthy man by steering his New Jersey-based Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Corp. in and out of quick trades in the risky commodities futures market. Then DeAngelis thought he saw another chance for a fast fortune in soybean and cotton-seed-oil futures. If the Soviet buck wheat crop failed, he reasoned, other farm products, including vegetable oils, must have suffered as well; and as soon as the Red nations had signed their wheat purchase contracts in the U.S., they would be back bidding on oils and other U.S. produce. DeAngelis bought \$150 million worth of vegetable-oil futures on Allied's credit with just a small down payment and waited for the payoff.

It never came. Instead, as the Soviet wheat deals ran into difficulties, the futures market in vegetable-oil dropped. DeAngelis' firm was faced with \$19 million in margin calls—demands that he pony up enough cash to make up the drop in price of the commodities. Unable to pay, DeAngelis last week took refuge in bankruptcy, leaving his hapless brokers stuck with his immense debt. His action shattered the well-established brokerage firms of Ira Haupt & Co. and J. R. Williston &

*"I'm afraid
to ask
a broker—
they
just try
to sell
you something!"*

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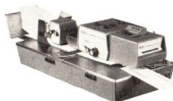
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Friden

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Beane, triggered a Securities and Exchange Commission investigation and raised once more some serious questions about how Wall Street's professionals conduct their business.

DeAngelis was into Ira Haupt for at least \$18 million, and Williston & Beane for \$1,610,000. When the oil prices fell sharply and DeAngelis could not meet his margin calls, neither firm had the ready cash to pay off his debts. The New York Stock Exchange—and later the American Exchange—ruled that since neither firm could meet the capital requirement to do business on the exchange, both would be barred from all trading. After two days of scurrying about, Williston & Beane raised the money it needed and won reinstatement. At Ira Haupt, the situation was much more desperate. Its debts were double the firm's net worth, and no one was ready to risk a loan of such proportions. Few on Wall Street held out much hope for its ability to survive.

What puzzled Wall Street observers was how two reputable firms could have let Tony DeAngelis, who had declared bankruptcy once before when trouble struck one of his commodity ventures, get so deeply in debt to them. Another puzzle was the mysterious disappearance from New Jersey storage tanks of \$15 million worth of soybean oil that Bunge Corp., an Argentine-controlled oil exporter, had taken as collateral for a loan to DeAngelis. There were indications that the scandal might spread beyond its present scope. At week's end a third brokerage house, D. R. Comenzo & Co., was suspended from the New York Produce Exchange; it had lent Allied \$5,000,000, using as collateral warehouse receipts whose validity was now in question. From now on, other brokerage houses are sure to be stricter with their commodity clients.

Instead of the 70% margin requirement in the stock exchanges, speculators in commodities can buy on an average margin of 10%, and if engaged in the business (like DeAngelis), on nothing at all. There are bound to be cries for stricter federal rules on commodity margins, and some other clients may find themselves in trouble. In any case, public confidence in the way that Wall Street and its brokerage houses run their affairs has suffered an unsettling jolt.

MARKETING & SELLING

Tuna Back in Favor

The report from Detroit went almost unnoticed last week, but it marked the end of a painful episode for a \$277 million U.S. industry. In an out-of-court settlement, the A. & P. and the Washington Packing Corp., a small San Francisco cannery, agreed to pay \$226,500 to the families of two Detroit women who died from botulism in March after eating a bad can of A. & P. tuna packed by Washington. After months of watch-



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ing its sales dive because of the botulism scare, the tuna industry is now convinced that it has reinstated tuna as the housewives' steady stand-by.

Because of the botulism deaths—the first in 45 years of tuna packing—tuna sales fell 35%, the industry laid off workers, and some plants had to shut down. Instead of panicking, tunamen formed a "Tuna Emergency Committee," launched a \$10 million advertising campaign designed to restore public confidence, and cut wholesale prices to encourage merchants to push tuna in special sales. Related food industries—in celery, mayonnaise, mushroom soup—came to the rescue by featuring tuna prominently in their own ads. The U.S. Agriculture and Interior departments had their agents appear on TV and radio to plug tuna, played up tuna in food bulletins, and even sent "tuna telegrams" to wholesalers and retailers.

Thanks to these efforts—and the taste loyalties of U.S. consumers—tuna sales are now running at the same pace as last year, though it has taken so long to recover from the scare that 1963 sales will be less than 1962's prebotulism record of 17 million cases. No one has ever revealed where Washington Packing's processing went wrong. But the plant remains shut, and though only a few cans were ever infected with botulism, all of Washington Packing's stock was confiscated by the Government and summarily buried—in a well-publicized move—beneath ten tons of garbage in a dump next to San Francisco's Candlestick Park.

MANAGEMENT

In & Out at Eastern

Six months ago Eastern Air Lines President Malcolm MacIntyre, 55, summoned his vice presidents to his conference room in Manhattan and warned them that he was calling in management consultants Booz, Allen & Hamilton "to see if the right people are in the right jobs." Last week, shortly after Eastern reported a \$12.5 million loss for 1963's first nine months, MacIntyre decided that he himself was not in the right job. He handed in a terse one-line resignation.

Eastern's new boss is articulate Floyd Hall, 47, who resigned as general manager of Trans World Airlines to take the job. A hard-nosed administrator, Colorado-born Hall joined TWA as a copilot in 1940, worked his way up through the flying side until he was appointed general manager in 1961. He has played a key role in turning faltering TWA into a thriving airline.

Malcolm MacIntyre made himself the friend of the passenger. A brilliant lawyer and former Rhodes scholar, he was serving as Under Secretary of the Air Force when Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Eastern's board chairman, and Laurence Rockefeller, the line's largest shareholder, tapped him in 1959 to run

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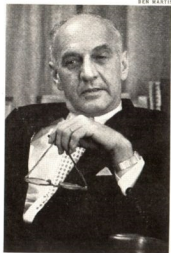


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Weyerhaeuser



MACINTYRE

Somebody was not in the right job.

Eastern. He concentrated on the cabin instead of the cockpit. He introduced Eastern's famed no-reservation Air Shuttle service, pioneered low-cost Air-Bus travel and made ticketing procedures simpler.

Unfortunately, MacIntyre was hampered by two prolonged strikes, over-competition on key routes, and a shortage of jets. Also, he often lacked the patience to explain his ideas to his staff, rushed into too many new projects too soon. The result was that he ran Eastern into a \$39 million net loss in four years, the line's first deficit since its incorporation in 1938. Said one senior Eastern executive: "The directors began to wonder, what with the cash flow Eastern has, why some of it never sticks."

MacIntyre's successor will have to make some cash stick. Hall will be helped by the fact that Eastern has just completed a MacIntyre-planned \$237 million refinancing plan that will enable it to take delivery on 40 new Boeing trijet 727s next year. Also in Eastern's favor is the recent decision by the Civil Aeronautics Board to remove Northeast Airlines from the New York-Miami run. Though the CAB order is now being tested in court, the chances are good that within a few months Eastern will have only one competitor, rather than two, on the lucrative sunshine run.

LABOR

Sharing the Profits

Perhaps the first U.S. businessman to share his company's profits with workers—at his Pennsylvania glass plant in 1797—was Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson. Gallatin really started something. Today more than 50,000 U.S. companies have profit-sharing plans, and profit sharing is one of the fastest-spreading ideas in U.S. labor relations, often embraced by men who find themselves on opposite sides of the bargaining table. Last week the managers of American Motors transferred \$9,200,000 from the

company's fiscal 1963 earnings into gifts of stock for the workers and contributions to their welfare fund. At the same time, United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther told an A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in Manhattan that he will press autodom's reluctant Big Three for a share of earnings when contract talks open next August.

Tax Breaks. More than 5,000 new profit-sharing plans were started in the U.S. in 1962, and 4,100 more have been started in the first nine months of this year. Last year the nation's profit-sharing plans set aside from corporate earnings an estimated \$2 billion for 5,500,000 Americans. Some companies pay the workers' chunk of profit in cash, but the majority now invest each employee's share and pay off only when he leaves the company. These deferred payments are taxable as capital income, at a top of 25%—which is the main reason that the number of such plans has jumped from 9,000 in 1955 to more than 38,000 today.

The majority of profit-sharing plans are still in smaller companies and involve mostly white-collar workers. But some big companies pioneered in the field, and others are interested. Procter & Gamble, whose plan was started in 1887 and is now the nation's oldest, invests all its profit-sharing funds in P. & G. stock, last year paid out \$17 million. Sears, Roebuck invests from 5% to 10% of profits in its plan, which is now worth \$1.7 billion; Sears employees who retired last year drew an average of \$64,496 each. Such large firms as Eastman Kodak, the S. C. Johnson Co. (Johnson's Wax), Merrill Lynch and the Bank of America have plans, and this year's converts to profit sharing include Montgomery Ward.

Some Objections. Many union leaders feel that such plans tend to make workers feel like managers and soften labor's punch in collective bargaining (wage hikes and extra benefits, after all, come out of profits). The U.A.W. rank and file was disappointed that last week's American Motors payout was slightly less than last year, and Reuther, in negotiation with the Big Three, may be willing to trade off his profit-sharing demand if he can win shorter hours or higher wages. Some executives begrudge profit sharing to workers who (they think) do less to increase earnings than do managers or machines. Others accept it as a weapon to keep out unions (the majority of companies with profit-sharing plans are not unionized).

But there is widespread agreement that profit sharing usually makes employees more cost-conscious and harder-working. Where there is profit sharing, managers notice workers going around shutting off lights, taking special care of their machines, conserving material that might otherwise be wasted, and sometimes even criticizing the inefficiency of fellow workers. In a profit-sharing company, a frequently heard complaint—not always jokingly—is: "That's going to hurt my profit sharing."

PERSONALITIES

ADMEN invented Avis Rent-A-Car's "We try harder because we're No. 2" campaign, but Avis President Robert C. Townsend, 43, was their inspiration. Townsend took over Avis 20 months ago from Boston's Frederic C. Dumaine Jr. after the investment house of Lazard Frères bought control. Things have been running on high-octane spirit ever since. Townsend moved headquarters from Boston to New York, sold off unprofitable limousine and sightseeing services, weeded out the worst of Avis' 2,000 locations in 35 countries, and pinned "We Try Harder" buttons on all employees. "I don't want to hear about what's going well," he says. "Only the problems and the complaints." His staff has no pension plan because Townsend feels that "they probably won't live after 55" because of overwork, are paid modest salaries but rewarded by "participation and incentive compensation." Result: Avis has turned its \$3,000,000 loss in 1962 into a \$1,200,000 profit this year, and its car rentals are at an alltime high.



TOWNSEND



ZISCH

LOS Angeles' Aerojet-General is an odd sort of aerospace company: it is one of the few aerospace concerns that did not begin life as an airframe maker. Its president, William Zisch, 45, is also an unexpected boss for a firm so deeply involved in science. He never got a college degree, has no formal scientific education, began as a secretary to Aerojet Co-Founder Dr. Theodore von Karman. Yet Zisch is regarded by his employees as just right for the job he took over ten months ago. He quickly and shrewdly makes the commercial decisions that scientists shy from, has acquired such a feel for the technical end of the business that he is as comfortable assessing Aerojet's solid-fuel and nuclear missile program as he is scribbling Pitman. He is also bringing the \$700 million company into such nonspace sidelines as economic refrigeration in underdeveloped nations, water desalinization and commercial uses for space-born plastics and Fiberglas. Most important to his sensitive scientific employees, he has restored to Aerojet much of the informality and excitement that marked its earlier days.

WORLD BUSINESS

WEST GERMANY

Closing In on Volkswagen

West Germany's Volkswagens came beating into the U.S. auto market a decade ago, and started the compact trend. U.S. automakers managed to fight off the trend by joining it. Now they are fighting back on Volkswagen's home ground and challenging VW's lead as West Germany's fastest selling car by appealing to the German yen for more luxurious autos. In 1963's first nine months, VW's share of the burgeoning West German market dropped from 33% to 28%, while General Motors hiked its share from 18% to 23% and Ford rose from 14% to 16%.

Competition has sharpened because U.S. companies in the past year have brought out sleeker and more comfortable compacts, which the increasingly style-conscious West Germans are switching to. Opel's sales jumped spectacularly in 1963's first three quarters—up 39% to 228,000 cars. The rise was led by its new Kadett model, which is 6 in. shorter than the standard VW but roomier inside, and sells in Germany for \$1,269 v. \$1,245 for the VW. Ford's best seller is its new Taunus 12M, which is 7 in. longer than the Volkswagen and costlier (\$1,370). Its success has lifted Ford's German sales by 23%, to 157,000 cars in 1963's first three quarters.

The Opel Kadett was rated highest among all small cars by Germany's controversial consumer magazine *DM*, which placed the VW second and called it "old-fashioned," estimating that it offered less comfort, visibility and speed than the Kadett. (The Ford Taunus 12M was rated lower because the testers faulted its road-holding.)

Confident Volkswagens says that it could have sold more cars if it had only had enough manpower and plants—a shortage that the company is remedying by building one new plant and expanding two others. With a limited supply of cars, Volkswagen is concentrating mostly on sales abroad. Volkswagen figures that its sales in the U.S. will rise from last year's 232,000 units to 250,000 this year, and that its worldwide sales will jump almost 10%, to \$1.75 billion. In Germany, hopeful buyers still have to wait up to six weeks for delivery of a standard VW and three months for the company's bigger, costlier 1500 sedan (*TIME*, Sept. 27).

SWEDEN

The Biggest Employer

When Swedish newspapers complain of government bureaucracy or badly muddled industry, they often wind up saying: "What's needed is a Nicolin." The man who has entered the Swedish language as a symbol of the shake-up and the clean sweep is tall, square-

jawed Curt René Nicolin, 42, one of Sweden's brightest young businessmen and the chief troubleshooter for the family that controls or persuasively advises more than half of all Swedish industry, the Wallenbergs. Says Banker Marcus Wallenberg: "Nicolin has a sense and a feel for management."

Nicolin bosses one of the Wallenbergs' most important firms, an 80-year-old electrical-equipment giant called ASEA (pronounced ah-say-ah), which is Sweden's equivalent of General Electric. ASEA not only produces a long list of products that range from giant



ASEA'S NICOLIN
Thinking is crucial.

generators to locomotives, but controls 26 subsidiaries that include Electrolux (vacuum cleaners) and STAL-LAVAL (steam and gas turbines). Sweden's biggest private employer with 32,500 workers, the ASEA group last year had sales of \$336 million and earnings of \$11.5 million.

Caught Eye. The son of a government forestry worker, Nicolin started his career as an engineer for STAL 18 years ago, before it merged with LAVAL. By the time he was 32, he had won recognition as head of the team that developed Sweden's first jet engine and commercial gas-turbine. He became STAL president in 1955, did such a good job of making the company cost-minded that he caught the eye of Marcus Wallenberg. ASEA was tops technologically, but its organization had become fat and unwieldy. The Wallenbergs moved Nicolin in to remake the firm.

Nicolin sold off unprofitable operations, reorganized divisions along product lines, reduced costly inventories and held back on hirings in order to reduce the white-collar staff by 8.2%. Result: the parent company's profits nearly doubled in two years. While accomplishing this, Nicolin was also lent out temporarily by the Wallenbergs to become president of the sick Scandinavian Airlines

System. Using the same management techniques that were working at ASEA, he almost immediately cut SAS's losses of \$193,000 a day. After nine months at SAS, he returned to ASEA, leaving behind an airline so revitalized that this year it is expected to fly in the black.

At the Timeclock. Nicolin begins his work day with an early-morning run, then punches the timeclock at ASEA's Västerås headquarters just like other employees. He is on the move at least half the time keeping up with work in ASEA's 18 plants in Sweden and six abroad. He takes home paperwork but does not like to. "The crucial problem for today's businessman," he says, "is to find the time to think, and I try to reserve time for thinking."

Nowadays, he thinks a great deal about ways to increase exports. A main target is the U.S., where his firm's sales will double this year—largely because of the success of an ASEA control device that can check the weight and thickness of a sheet of metal without touching it. ASEA is in the running for a contract to supply \$50 million worth of equipment for a high-voltage power line from Bonneville Dam to Los Angeles, and last week Nicolin said that he plans to begin selling synthetic industrial diamonds in the U.S. by next year. Though ASEA will face some rough diamond competition, it can lay claim to one prestigious distinction: the world's first synthetic diamonds were produced in its laboratories.

COMMON MARKET

End of the Chicken War

The chicken war—that silly but symbolic dispute between the U.S. and the Common Market—finally ended last week with each side holding a leg. After a dispute that dragged on for 17 months, a panel of neutral experts decided that the Six's tariff hike on chickens had cost the U.S. \$26 million in exports. Though the estimate of losses was only about half as high as the U.S. had argued, both sides could claim victory—the Common Market because the loss figure was much nearer to its estimates, the U.S. because the ruling implied that the Market's tariffs were discriminatory.

The U.S. must now decide whether to levy retaliatory tariffs on Common Market goods of the same total value—a move that might create a bad atmosphere for next May's scheduled round of tariff-cutting negotiations, at which the U.S. hopes to win broad mutual tariff reductions. For the moment, everyone was simply relieved at the chicken truce. "We are all glad it's over," said W. Michael Blumenthal, Trade Negotiator Christian Herter's deputy in Geneva. He was addressing an American Club luncheon in Geneva—at which the main course was French chicken.



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A SMALL BUSINESSMAN SPEAKS OUT

This is the first of a series of columns in which I shall discuss some of the problems confronting all of us.

There are two specific things which I hope to accomplish through these columns:

1.—Help us all find greater economic and political security by contributing to our understanding of the need for tax reform—tax reform that will:

A. Help minimize unemployment.

B. Help stimulate the productiveness of our economy by providing greater incentive where it is needed most—in the pockets of those who work for a living.

C. Help preserve small enterprise by creating greater opportunity for those who start their business life with little or no capital.

2.—Help sell more Fisher Pens because that is how I earn my living and pay my bills including the cost of these columns.



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Born. To Charlayne Hunter Stovall, 22, who last spring became the first Negro woman to graduate from the University of Georgia; and Walter Stovall, 25, a white fellow student at Georgia, now a reporter for the Bergen (N.J.) Evening Record, whom she married "somewhere in the South" in March, again in Detroit in June (in case the first ceremony was invalid under Southern anti-miscegenation laws); a daughter; in Manhattan.

Married. Helga Sandburg, 45, novelist and children's author (*Joel and the Wild Geese*), youngest daughter of the famed poet; and Dr. George Crile Jr., 56, Cleveland surgeon and cancer specialist; she for the third, he for the second time; in a highly informal ceremony conducted by her 85-year-old father over the dining room table at his Flat Rock, N.C., home, followed by a civil marriage in Washington. Carl's wedding presents: one donkey, named Picco, three goats, named Rama, Rowan, and Fleur.

Marriage Revealed. Marion Harper Jr., 47, president of Interpublic, Inc., world's largest advertising complex (1963 billings: some \$500 million); and Valerie Feit, 29, Interpublic fashion consultant; he for the second time; in Miami, on Nov. 8.

Died. John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 46, President of the United States; by assassination; in Dallas (see THE NATION).

Died. Donald Dean Summerville, 48, mayor of Toronto, a onetime R.C.A.F. pilot who won an upset victory last December over a longtime incumbent, in less than a year made a strong start at cutting civic waste and featherbedding; of a heart attack suffered while tending goal in an exhibition hockey match to raise funds for victims of the recent Italian dam disaster; in Toronto.

Died. Carmen Amaya, 50, Spanish flamenco dancer, a volcanic Catalan gypsy whose machine-gun castanets, stomps, swirls and fiercely elegant cadenzas won her star billing on both sides of the Atlantic in the 1930s and '40s, and earned for her up to \$14,000 a week, which she largely lavished upon Romany schools and charities, leading Spanish gypsies to call her "our good mother"; of chronic kidney disease; in Bagur, Spain.

Died. Hector Escobosa, 56, president since 1951 of I. Magnin & Co.'s high-style women's stores in San Francisco and 15 other Western cities, who, instead of copying European fashions, imported them at realistic prices, turned his stores into the best in the West; of a heart attack; in Williamsburg, Va.

Died. Edward Joseph ("Knocko") McCormack, 67, Massachusetts politician, brother of U.S. House Speaker John McCormack, the burly (275 lbs.) younger son of Irish immigrants who for two decades dispensed political favors and jobs from his South Boston saloon, stage-managed family campaigns but failed last year to help his son Edward Jr. win the Democratic Senatorial nomination from Teddy; of cancer; in Boston.

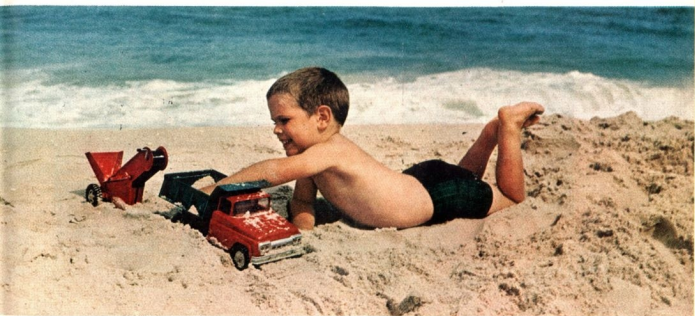
Died. Aldous Leonard Huxley, 69, British-born satirist, essayist and moralist, grandson of 19th century Evolutionist Thomas Henry Huxley, brother of Julian; of cancer; in Hollywood. Huxley did not set out to be an author; his consuming passion was science until, half-blinded by keratitis (a painful inflammation of the cornea) at Eton, he was forced to give up the idea. Turning to literature, he dazzled cynical London with his polished satires, *Point Counter Point* (1928) and *Brave New World* (1932), the classic futuristic, test-tube anti-Utopia. In 1938 he emigrated to California, where he worked on movie scripts (*Jane Eyre*), more social satires (*Ape and Essence*, 1948), a novel about a Hearst-like millionaire (*After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*, 1939), and indulged his love of biochemistry by experimenting increasingly with hallucinatory drugs (LSD, psilocybin) until his last novel (*Island*, 1962) hails them as a new social panacea—a complete turnabout from the pernicious "soma pills" of *Brave New World*.

Died. Robert Franklin Stroud, 73, famed as "the birdman of Alcatraz," in reality a ruthless killer who shot down a bartender in 1909, later knifed to death a prison guard in a mess-hall squabble; of a heart attack; in a prison hospital at Springfield, Mo. In 1920, Stroud nursed a sick sparrow back to health, started studying ornithology, soon became the top authority on caged birds, wrote books and articles, which he then used to muster support for his release, inspired a biography (later a movie), from the 1940s onward wrote voluminous manuscripts on the penal system that outraged authorities repeatedly refused to let him publish. All in all, his carryings-on kept him in solitary for 42 of his 54 years in prison, a record for U.S. penitentiaries.

Died. Francis Alonzo Bartlett, 81, founder (in 1907) and chairman of Connecticut's Bartlett Tree Experts Co., one of the nation's leading authorities in tree care, who in 56 years of arboriculture saved uncounted trees from blight and thunderbolt, grew the disease-resistant Bartlett chestnut, later pioneered with helicopters for spraying herbicides; after a long illness; in Stamford, Conn.



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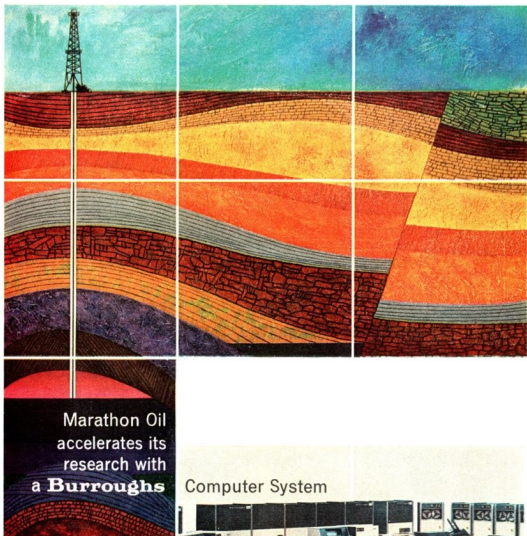
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CINEMA

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Standard & Poor

The *Wheeler Dealers* provides the dreariest view of Wall Street since the crash of '29. Billed as satire, it opens bullish, closes bearish, but mostly just bumbles along with a portfolio full of otiose gags about Texas, the sexes (at least three), and stockbrokers—with the brokers depicted as a shifty lot who spend their time peddling worthless securities to unsuspecting clients. The plot has something to do with a young speculator who arrives in Manhattan from Texas, buys the first taxicab he climbs into, snaps up a swank restaurant because his date likes to eat there, impulsively flies to Europe and hops right back with a grand collection of German expressionist art, finally shakes up the

HENRY GROSSMAN



GARNER & REMICK IN "DEALERS"
A miss for *Maverick*.

entire U.S. economy by promoting a more or less mythical company known as Universal Widget. Why? Why, because he is plumb crazy about a shapely security analyst, Lee Remick. Why else?

Saddled with dialogue that often seems as flat as a list of over-the-counter quotations, Actress Remick and Leading Man James Garner almost save the day. Garner, who used to be TV's *Maverick*, has an easy comedy style that departs from the current vogue for hard-breathers. His approach to sex is sidelong—frank, half-innocent curiosity mixed with a twinkling suspicion that the whole durn thing might be some kind of a trick. To help Garner feel at home off the range, Remick comes on as a clotheshorse. Though her head is supposedly full of Universal Widget, she wears Norman Norell originals and talks ersatz girl-talk with a plain little roommate in a plush little flat that looks as though Doris Day had just moved out of it. Everything is untouched.

Among the supporting players, Louis Nye earns laughs as a bearded, way-out artist with an eye for the fast buck. "My stuff goes for 500 clams, but it's got a 1,000% profit potential," he says. Nye rides around on his latest master-

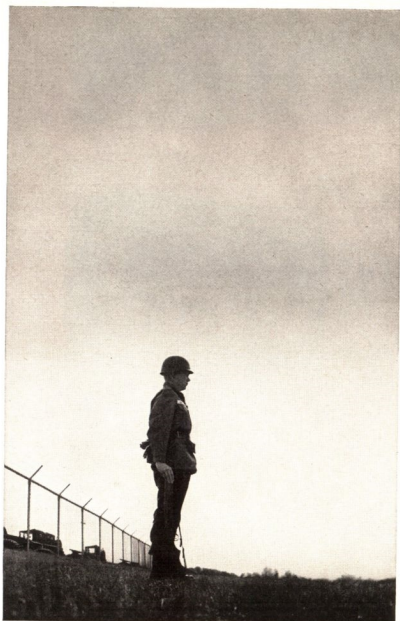

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Support the USO at home and abroad through your local United Fund or Community Chest.



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work aboard a kid's tricycle with a dribbling container of paint suspended over each wheel. Nye tells a visitor: "If you're going to walk on my canvas, the least you can do is put a little crimson on your soles." Pretty funny. But when all's said and done, *The Wheeler Dealers* sells everyone short.

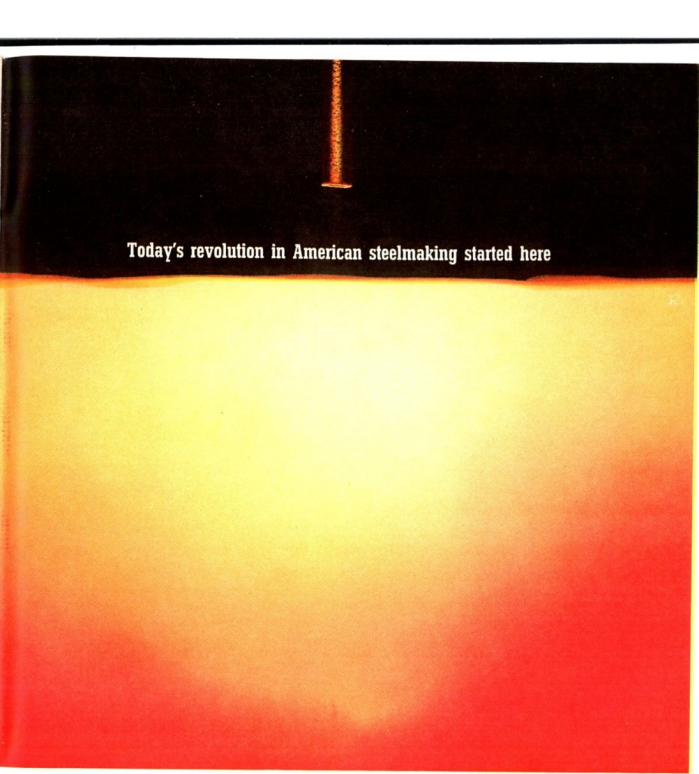
A Yen for Yen

High and Low. Japan's Akira Kurosawa is an eclectic film genius who has borrowed plots from such classic sources as Shakespeare, Gorky and the Hollywood western. This time, he takes a routine American thriller by Ed McBain (pseudonym for Evan Hunter, author of *The Blackboard Jungle*) and proves that he needs neither sex nor samurai to set the screen crackling with excitement. Basically hackneyed, and at times impausible, *High and Low* is a Kurosawa triumph of man over matter.

"I made this picture to point up the laxity of Japanese kidnaping laws," Kurosawa says. Japanese law makes kidnaping a popular crime, since a conviction brings a sentence of only one to ten years if the victim is returned unharmed. But the film is no mere polemic. The story begins with a business conclave in a luxurious home perched on a hilltop high above the smoking slums of Yokohama. While a shoe company executive named Gondo (Toshiro Mifune) struggles with his unprincipled colleagues in a last-ditch fight for control of the firm, a kidnaper strikes. Intending to seize Gondo's young son, he nabs the chauffeur's boy by mistake. Swiftly, the issues narrow to meaningful dimensions: Gondo faces ruin unless he uses his last 50 million yen (approximately \$139,000) to consummate a secret stock purchase. Must he, now, give up 30 million yen and a lifetime of work to save another man's son? Bristling at the center of this moral dilemma, Actor Mifune delivers a restrained performance that summarizes all the stresses of thwarted ambition.

To build suspense, Kurosawa keeps actors moving. The screen is alive with motion, choreographically precise and caught by his artist's eye in scene after scene of stunning composition. In one hypnotic interlude, the kidnaper, watching the house by long-range telescope to detect police interference, telephones and orders the Gondos to open their curtains—and they stand helpless, gaping through the vastness of their picture window into the greater vastness of the city below. "O.K., I can see you now," says their tormentor. Later, Gondo and a squad of detectives board a train, and a brilliantly mounted ransom scene races by with all the blurred, whooshing impact of a head-on collision.

The drama loses pace only when the kidnaper's identity is learned. Instead of arresting the criminal, police follow him around interminably, wasting precious time in expressions of teahouse sympathy for Mr. Gondo, who has become a national hero and nearly gone



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bankrupt after getting the boot from National Shoes. But Kurosawa generates fresh energy as hunter and hunted make their way through the Yokohama underworld, and he finds flesh-and-blood truth in a final confrontation between Gondo and his enemy. The two men stare. Antithesis embodied, they are high and low—the man from the great glass house on the hill and the angry, anonymous underdog who loathes him from afar. "It is very interesting to make fortunate people unfortunate," the kidnaper sneers. "Hating you gave me some purpose in life."

Noncompoops

Soldier in the Rain. "I rate women," says Sergeant Steve McQueen, "the way schoolteachers mark tests. A, B, C, D, E, F—and Incomplete." On the McQueen Scale, Heroin Tuesday Weld is regretfully rated Incomplete. She has

REN MARTIN



GLEASON & WELD IN "SOLDIER"
A twerp for jelly belly.

everything a girl could possibly have—except a brain. Sergeant McQueen is generously inclined to overlook the omission, but Sergeant Jackie Gleason is definitely not. "She's an imbecile!" he snorts. "You're a jelly belly!" she screeches. "And what's more I want you to know I'm a senior in high school!" Jackie sighs deeply: "And what did you learn in school today, my dear?" Tuesday replies proudly: "Donna Mae Parker's gonna have a baby."

Jackie turns to stare. Stupidity like this, he realizes, is really genius in reverse. Attention like this, she thinks, is very flattering. She decides he really isn't a jelly belly. "You're a fat Randolph Scott," she murmurs sensuously. "Ya wanna come over to my house, huh? Granmaw won't wake up."

So begins a fairly hilarious romance between the middle-aged sergeant and the teen-aged twerp. Unfortunately, the romance only lasts about 20 minutes, and the rest of the picture isn't anywhere near as funny. In trying to go offbeat, Director Ralph Nelson has managed mostly to go offkey. But Gleason will amuse anybody who can still be amused by barracks humor.

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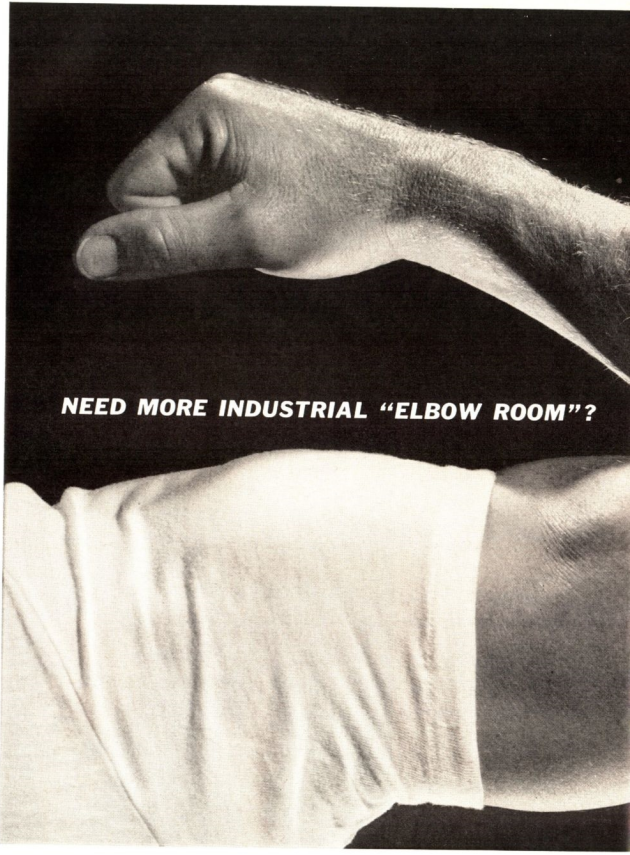
"Alarmed lest marathon jazz become a sport, authorities at Ithaca decreed that no undergraduate trying for a team could put his foot on the ballroom floor." TIME, May 12, 1923

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Hundreds of the communities Southern serves have a population of 5,000 or less. One of our small towns may be just the spot for your factory. Let our Industrial Development Department help you decide. If it's growing space you are looking for, they know where to find it. Ask them!

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BOOKS

Son of a Sphinx

APOLLINAIRE by Francis Steegmuller. 365 pages. Farrar, Straus. \$6.50.

Being a living legend in one's own lifetime is hard on the liver—especially in Paris. But it is even harder on the serious biographer who, several generations later, tries to separate subject and myth. Poet-Critic Guillaume Apollinaire, who died on the eve of the 1918 armistice, is an almost classic case in



APOLLINAIRE (BY PICASSO)
Largely about love.

point. For the avant-garde, he loomed as a giant figure, an irrepressible rebel against stuffy conventions, a decisive experimental voice in modern French poetry, and the cultural midwife of the cubist movement in painting. For most of the rest of the world, he was little more than an obscure bohemian scribbler from the heady pre-Dada days in Paris when it was still possible for the bohemians to think that society needed their help in turning itself inside out and upside down.

Opium of the Muses. Writing the first full-length biography of Apollinaire by an American, Francophile Francis Steegmuller has considerable trouble trying to find the real man in the middle. His carefully contrived book is likely to please best only those readers who know least about Apollinaire, but who are delighted to dip into a nicely, often spicily, written story about a *fin de siècle* Villon who smoked opium, palled around with Picasso, Matisse and Braque and (in 1911) got arrested for stealing the *Mona Lisa*.

Apollinaire didn't steal it really. That heroic act was reserved for an Italian house painter with an inflated sense of national pride. But Apollinaire and the young Picasso did happen to be har-

boring some statuettes that a zany friend had stolen from the Louvre as a joke. Once, during the national furor which followed, Apollinaire and Picasso wandered the streets of Paris for an entire night, miserably toting the incriminating statuettes in a suitcase, not knowing whether to throw them or themselves into the Seine and not quite daring to do either. Eventually, Apollinaire had them returned to the museum, faced the police, and was let off after a five-day stretch in prison. He wrote six poems about the experience, but he was deeply hurt by it, Steegmuller reports, because a police official referred to him as "scum."

Wilde Postcard. It is often hard to disagree with the judgment. Born in Rome in 1880 and grandiosely christened Guglielmo Alberto Wladimiro Alessandro Apollinaire Kostrowitzky, the future poet was in fact the bastard son of a beautiful Polish courtesan and an unknown man, possibly of noble blood. "Your father a sphinx," Apollinaire once bitterly glibed at himself, "your mother a one-night stand." At 19, he was helping his mother swindle a hotelkeeper in Belgium out of three months' food and lodging. At 20, when a young English governess refused to accept his hand in marriage, he threatened to throw her (not himself) off the cliff on which they were standing.

Terrified not only by this drama but by such spooky things as a postcard from him with Oscar Wilde's famous line "For each man kills the thing he loves," the girl sensibly fled to England and finally emigrated to California. Apollinaire in turn sat down to write *La Chanson du Mal-Aimé*, a long poem that swings between lyrical passion and harsh, direct descriptive talk in a way which was to put a lasting mark on modern French poetry.

*The nights in Paris all drink gin
And fall asleep with their streetlights on.
Trolley cars are mad machines
To make green sparks and scream
like queens.*

All his life Apollinaire was troubled by his outcast state. From 1904 to 1911 he mocked society by making his living as an editor of a pornographic series called *The Masters of Love*, by pamphleteering for any new form of poetry or painting that turned up, by sprinkling his three volumes of poetry and various phantasmagoric novels with scabrous puns and salacious posturings. But when the war began, he enlisted in the army—which he did not have to do as a foreigner—and proved a tough and durable soldier until he was hit in the head by shrapnel. He won a measure of respectability, French citizenship and the Croix de Guerre.

Monster or Hero? Apollinaire, Steegmuller insists, was a remarkable poet despite, rather than because of, the

poetic gimcracks he often employed. Uniquely among his contemporaries, he understood that poetry would increasingly need a precise language to keep pace with the modern world, a stock of images to keep pace with science, which was leaving all old-fashioned conceptions dangerously behind.

But Steegmuller is never certain whether, as a man, Apollinaire is some kind of contorted hero or merely a monster of genius. The lapse is not surprising. Apollinaire's friends weren't sure either. Marie Laurencin, the painter with whom he lived for four years, has left history little more searching commentary than the fact that Apollinaire insisted they make love in a chair because he couldn't bear to have his bed rumpled.

Misshapen Image

THE PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS by Norman Mailer. 310 pages. Putnam. \$5.

Those who sometimes wonder what happened to the American left, which disappeared in a cloud of vapidity round about the start of the Eisenhower years, should consider the case of Norman Mailer.

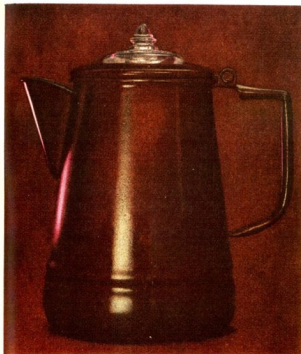
In this collection of speeches, magazine articles, free verse that should never have been given its liberty, manifestoes, taped interviews and reminiscence, Mailer presents to the world all the familiar stigmata of the left temperament—indignation, generosity of spirit and critical courage. But the one big fact that emerges from the welter is that—unlike the U.S. left of two previous generations—no Brave New World is promised. Socialism is no longer an issue. Utopia is out. The best the left can offer is seats for all in the same unbrave old world. Racial



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Mostly about himself.

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Hot buttered rum: it is down to 5° and the northwind howls at the doorstep. Mix brown sugar and butter with redolent spices (cloves, allspice, mace, etc.), add piping hot water and robust rum. Other New England favorites: toddy (rum, hot water, sugar) and flip (beer, sugar, molasses or dried pumpkin & rum stirred with a red-hot poker).



Rum and tea: New Englanders knew good rum emancipated the aroma and flavor of tea, coffee, cider. (How good is Ronrico Rum? Take tea and see.) "Rum," wrote Woodrow Wilson about New England, "was the chief source of her wealth—the rum with which she bought slaves for Maryland and the Carolinas..."

Carving of a New England sailor, early 19th century.

New England (and England) sailed on rum; it was shipboard ration.

Indeed, in colonial times, New England towns, by law, had to have taverns.



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equality is the one issue on which the U.S. left—and a good section of U.S. conservatism—is united.

Two Twists. To this issue Mailer adds two individual twists of his own. He rages against those prosperous Negroes who elect to imitate the culture of the white bourgeoisie (though why this right should be denied them is not explained). He is willing to enter the taboo field of racial intermarriage, and here goes on record as having personally invited James Baldwin to marry his (Mailer's) sister.

Mailer has a major case of megalomania. In his "Third Presidential Paper" he writes as if—on the basis of one impressionistic magazine piece on the Democratic Convention—he had become a maker of Presidents. "I had created an archetype of Jack Kennedy in the public mind which might or might not be true, but which would induce people to vote for him, and so would tend to move him into the direction I had created. . . . The night Kennedy was elected, I felt a sense of woe, as if I had made a terrible error, as if somehow I had betrayed the Left and myself. It was a spooky emotion . . . as if I were responsible and guilty for all which was bad, dangerous or potentially totalitarian within the Kennedy Administration."

Talent for Shapoe. A clue to the minor mystery of Mailer may be found in what he calls the "Twelfth Presidential Paper," wherein he remarks, apropos of Hemingway, "The first art work in an artist is the shaping of his own personality." This really has the Mailer hallmark: it is neither superficial nor true. Mailer himself may be said to have put his best talents into the shaping of his own latter-day personality in a series of public appearances (he once hired Carnegie Hall for himself) in which he could be heard advocating better boxing, better orgasms, bullfights in Central Park, and other items of surrealistic irresponsibility. But he is a fearless performer, a lively controversialist and handles heavy cultural names like King Lear, Dostoevsky, Freud, Sartre like a demented, butter-fingered juggler.

Intellectuals are rare enough in U.S. politics for madcap Mailer to be welcome, even as a candidate for Mayor of New York City. But he should know by now that you don't win votes by going round talking about "the corroded vaults of my ambitious and yellow jaundiced soul."

Found Horizon:

THE FIRST DAY OF FRIDAY by Honor Tracy. 246 pages. Random House. \$4.95.

A certain sort of book, like a certain sort of party, is not expected to begin on time; if you make the mistake of arriving in the first chapter, you find the author still polishing ashtrays and setting out dishes of salted nuts. But Irish farce is not a sitdown affair; it is the

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falling-down kind, and must begin on time or a little earlier. It is Good Intentions missing his tram and improving the hour by having a few innocent drinks with his fine friends Sedition and Salvation, and ending up, all amazed, knee-walking in the dark of the moon.

Honor Tracy, who has written the classic of modern Irish farce (her wonderfully vicarious novel, *The Straight and Narrow Path*), unaccountably neglects this rule in *The First Day of Friday*. Good Intentions is there all right (young Michael Duff, the impoverished Protestant squire who wants only to marry his Dulcine and persuade his servant Atracta to cook breakfast on time). So are Sedition and Salvation (respectively Atracta, the mindless mother of fatherless triplets, and her confessor, the insane but otherwise reasonable Father Behan). There is, furthermore, the besotted yardman Tomo who leads a bull into Michael Duff's kitchen for reasons that to him, at least, seem perfectly logical at the time.

But until well past the middle of the book, the party is dreadfully sober, bull in the kitchen and all. The funny people stand around with glasses in their hands, and the funny events occur, but the reader never feels the giddiness that



HONOR TRACY

Good Intentions caught the wrong tram.

good farce and a certain kind of intoxication can produce: the sensation of having temporarily mislaid the horizon and of knowing you can locate it again with no trouble if only that calf will stop licking your face.

The walls whirl satisfactorily for a few pages when Atracta, having been fired for nonfeasance of breakfast, goes to law against her former employer and for a wonderful moment seems likely to be granted a large chunk of his estate in judgment. But the whirling begins too late and stops too soon. By this time the reader has begun to suspect that, soberly observed, Irish cuteness can be annoying.

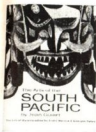
GIFT BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

THE ARTS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC by Jean Guiart. 461 pages. Golden Press. \$25. This is Volume IV of the extraordinary "museum without walls" proposed by André Malraux and sponsored by the French government, which will eventually run to 40 volumes encompassing the whole of man's arts. Lavish in its illustrations, the present volume catches all the expressive, primitive power of Oceanic art while detailing its surprising variety and the age-old magic, mythic and ritualistic impulses that fostered it. A reader pondering its carved canoes and implements, its funerary and fertility figures and its grotesquely surrealistic ceremonial masks will catch more than a glimmering of what astounded and enthralled the eyes of great artists as different as Paul Gauguin, Picasso, Brancusi and Matisse.

ANIMALS IN AFRICA by Peter and Philippa Scott. 166 pages. Clarkson N. Potter. \$12.50, and **ANIMAL WORLDS** by Marston Bates. 316 pages. Random House. \$15. These volumes provide the armchair naturalist with some of the year's best animal photographs and the best substitute for a safari he is likely to find anywhere. *Animals in Africa* brings its lens to bear on all manner of African fauna, from elephants lumbering through the bush with ears spread like spinnakers to a striped chameleon inching its way into the center of a hibiscus flower. *Animal Worlds*, with photographs by Ylla, Fritz Goro, Eliot Porter and others, pursues fish, bird, insect and animal life from the tropics to the Arctic, with a text that makes their various worlds admirably clear.

THE BOOK OF THE AMERICAN WEST edited by Jay Monaghan. 608 pages. Julian Messner. \$22.50. On the theory that, despite the efforts of television, there are still a few Americans who would not know a waddy (cowboy) from his gelding-smacker (saddle), this volume ranges over the life of the West, devoting whole chapters to its outlaws, reptiles, guns, big game, songs and legends. The text is informative, the paintings and drawings, by Remington, Bierstadt, Russell and others, are splendidly direct and realistic, and much of what a reader might have taken for shaggy Western lore turns out surprisingly to be unvarnished truth.

BEN SHAHN: PAINTINGS and **BEN SHAHN: HIS GRAPHIC ART** edited by James Thrall Soby. 2 volumes; 286 pages. Braziller. \$25. With 96 reproductions of Shahn's paintings and



more than a hundred reproductions of his drawings, the disturbing power of Shahn's lonely visions is apparent—in wiry filaments of sparse, nervous lines, in the awkward bulk of bodies out of their element, in chalky faces whose sad eyes peer from sooty sockets. The effect, as in all Shahn's work, is of gritty reality viewed through the distorting lens of a dream.

GREAT DRAWINGS OF THE MASTERS by Dr. Rolf Häsler. 234 pages. Putnam. \$25. and **ITALIAN DRAWINGS** by Winslow Ames. 141 pages. Shorewood. \$4.95. Drawing, it has been remarked, is the art of omission, and these two fine volumes display the art—and the inner workings of genius—at its highest. *Great Drawings* travels from 15th century Painter Jan Van Eyck's warm and perceptive silverpoint, *Portrait of Cardinal Niccolò Albergotti*, to the sensual shorthand of Matisse's *Female Nude from the Back*. *Italian Drawings*, more modest in scope and quality of reproduction, restricts itself to the 15th to 19th centuries. The subjects in both books range from rustic landscapes to architectural fantasies, from figure studies to exquisite faces.

HEAD HUNTERS OF PAPUA by Tony Saulnier. 309 pages. Crown. \$7.50. A fascinating account of the progress of a French photographic expedition across the unmapped waist of Dutch New Guinea. The trip, through night-marish forests and mountain ranges, took six months and yielded the first photographic record of a people frozen in a way of life that began far back in prehistory.

THE AGE OF NAPOLEON by J. Christopher Herold. 420 pages. American Heritage. \$18.95. Volumes as heavily freighted with plates, maps and other cargo as this one have a way of scanting facts for four-color fanfares. This is a welcome exception. The text is both sound and readable, and the 300-odd illustrations, most of them by contemporaries of Napoleon, serve quite magnificently to convey the age's arts, manners and personalities to the eye and mind of a reader.

SELF PORTRAITS by Manuel Gasser. 302 pages. Appleton-Century. \$12.95. For four centuries it has been an un-

written law that an artist must look himself straight in the eye at least once in his lifetime and paint what he sees. This collection does not reproduce the artists' visions with particular distinction, but it is a comprehensive survey of the self-conscious art from Masaccio (1401-28) to Joan Miró and his grotesquely purple *Self-Portrait* of 1938. The lesson of the book is that a true painter always reveals more of himself than he knows—or perhaps wishes to. Rembrandt, the most prolific of all self-portraitists, paints himself at 60, his face crumpled in laughter but the eyes full of an old man's sadness. Van Gogh shows himself looking with slanted, anxious eyes at a world unfriendly and impossible to understand. And in perhaps the most macabre self-portrait ever painted, Caravaggio places his own horror-creased face on the severed head of the slain Goliath.

NEW YORK LANDMARKS edited by Alan Burnham. 430 pages. Wesleyan University. \$12.50. A photographic survey of the architecturally and historically distinguished buildings of New York as selected by the little band of devout New Yorkers known as the Municipal Art Society. The book's 100-odd photographs, notes Brendan Gill in his foreword, constitute a "veritable Kama Sutra, or manual of instruction, in the wooing of this incomparable city." They also provide a fascinating guide to the paroxysms of borrowed styles—Greek revival, Gothic, Georgian, Italian Renaissance—that afflicted and sometimes ornamented all U.S. cities before they finally achieved in the skyscraper an architectural statement of their own.

VANISHED CIVILIZATIONS edited by Edward Bacon. 360 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$28.50. Bolstered by 802 illustrations and 52 maps and charts, a dozen archaeologists ponder the mysteries of a dozen lost civilizations. Among them: the strange, illiterate people on the Nubian Nile known to archaeologists as the "X-Group" (circa A.D. 200-500), who filled their tombs not only "with human and animal sacrifices that reveal barbarism at its most primitive" but also with treasures from Rome, Egypt and Greece; the civilization centered about the great stone city of Zimbabwe in Southern Rhodesia; the white Ainu

civilization of northern Japan, of which there are some 14,000 modern survivors. The narrative for the most part is clear and concise, and the best of the accounts marshal their clues and render their conclusions with all the drama and unpredictability of fine detective fiction.

THE ALPS by Wilfrid Noyce. 312 pages. Putnam. \$15. An uninspired text is here compensated for by a rich collection of more than 200 stunning pictures that catch much of the dreamlike immensity and the white silence of the high alpine landscape a tourist rarely sees.

A LIFE IN PHOTOGRAPHY by Edward Steichen. 280 pages. Doubleday. \$19.50. At 84, the great photographer pauses to tell his life story in text and pictures that are marvels of technique, economy and emotion. From the first Lincolnshire self-portrait, an 1898 platinum print, through the *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* period to the late experiments in color, Steichen retained an uncanny ability to draw the mysteries of character and the spare logic of forms into his lens. The range of his interests is extraordinary: formal, friezelike fashion photographs, misty pastorals, portraits quick with feeling, and war pictures that include one of the most moving ever shot—four fingers thrusting like withered spears of grass through the rubble-strewn soil of Iwo Jima.

RODIN by Albert E. Elsen. 228 pages. The Museum of Modern Art. \$8.50. With Rodin, Sculptor Constantin Brancusi once noted, "sculpture became human again." Rodin's revolt against the academic tradition was measured in the bones, muscles and ligaments of his favorite subject—the human body. Albert Elsen's excellent study, the most detailed of its kind in English, traces the progress of that revolt from the smooth academic marbles (*Loving Thoughts*, *The Rose*, *Field Flowers*) through those two tradition-shattering bronzes, *The Age of Bronze* and *St. John the Baptist Preaching*, to that masterpiece of Rodin maturity, the knotted nude study of Balzac, spread-eagled in a wrestler's stance. The fine illustrations include partial figures and fragments rarely photographed.



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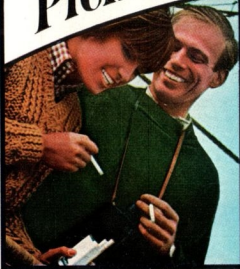
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